THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 62. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 23, 1882. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 10.

COMPENSATION.

BY RITA.

It was the time of autumn,
When leaves are turning brown,
Green to yellow, and pied and black;
And some were tumbling down.

It was the time of autumn,
When fruits are gathered in,
Some for the press, some for the vat,
And some for the miller's bin.

Then poor men fell a-plowing,
For that their work was o'er,
And rich men fell a-sighing,
That they could play no more.

For the summer time is a merry time
If a man have leisure to play:
But the summer time is a weary time
To him who must work all day.

Then thanks to God the giver,
Who loves both great small,
To everyone He something gives,
But to no man giveth all.

The rich who careth for himself
Finds, after pleasure, pain:
But the toiler whom God careth for
Rests, and is glad again.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EOLOS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HIS very heart within him was bitter with pain and rage and unavailing remorse.

Why had he left Grace for a moment unprotected? Why had he gone into the garden with Anne, believing that that false woman was safely sleeping? He ought to have guessed that her words were but spoken to lull his suspicions, and that she would avail herself of his blind sense of security to carry out her plots.

And what might these be? What had she said to Grace?

What arguments had she used to induce her to give up the love pledged to him only a few hours before?

Had she terrified her with the history of his wife's death?

Had she threatened her with her father's anger?

He could not tell; he could only feel the sense of loss scorching heart and brain, he could only feel his own inability to take any revenge on this woman for the agony her hand had laid upon his heart.

For a moment the thought of revenge had touched him; but what was it worth? If he had lost Grace, revenge would be useless; if he recovered her, it would be a folly.

Instinctively he felt this second departure of Grace's was not like the first—a simple, childish thing, decided on partly from fear, partly from love and maiden shyness; it was a plan carried out gravely, decisively, without even a word of farewell—a departure arranged by a masterly hand, in whose leading Grace herself was but a victim.

He started from his reverie to search a railway-guide, knowing while he did it that there was no train available for hours to come.

He flung the book from him and paced the room hurriedly.

Reno! The man's face began to haunt him. Its pale haggard beauty—prison-worn, woebegone—returned upon him with ghastly clearness, and he scanned its lineaments, in mental vision searching for a likeness to Grace.

He shuddered with sick pain as he recognised that there was a resemblance; then he thrust the thought aside in anger.

"It takes nothing from her beauty and goodness that her father is a Nihilist. He is an honest one—a mistaken enthusiast. I have proved in my own person that it is possible to be a Nihilist and not be a villain."

There was a slight tap on the door, arresting his thoughts suddenly.

He opened it, and Lady Brentwyche, serene and smiling, with no trace of agitation on her soft round face, stood on the threshold.

* * * * * *

"I have omitted to name one important fact," said Lady Brentwyche, coming forward and closing the door with a careful hand. "In charging myself with the care of Grace Reno I have simply obeyed her father's wish."

"Excuse me but that statement needs corroboration," observed Lord Enderby coldly.

"It is here," she answered, unfolding a letter which he now perceived she held—"here is his own writing. If you will read this, you will see that he places his daughter in my hands, and commands her to trust and obey me in all things."

Lord Enderby read the letter rapidly; she did not give it into his hand, but held it open in her own firm grasp.

"I presume this is a genuine document," he remarked doubtingly.

"I am not going to assure you that it is, because my word counts for nothing with you. I prefer you to judge for yourself."

"Then I believe it to be genuine," he answered, "but gained under false pretences. You left out one important fact in your talk when you saw Reno in his chains and his misery. Had he known that fact, he would have allowed himself to be knouted to death rather than give you such a letter. You have used it to influence Grace; you cannot expect it to influence me."

She laughed, and replaced the letter within her dress.

"It is not likely I should tell Reno the fact to which you allude. I had no wish to get murdered. If he and his fellow-prisoners had not been blind, they might have guessed I could scarcely have visited them unless high officials had received orders to let me pass."

Lord Enderby looked her in the face.

The scorn, the contempt that flashed from his eyes shook her a little, and a slight flush rose from chin to brow.

"Remember," she said, and her light laugh rang out painfully, "it was a choice between life and death at that time for me. And I exist now on the balance; to-day I live, to-morrow I may die. You have no pity; even the greatest assassin among the Nihilists is more worthy of pity in your mind than the weak woman who had to choose whether she would die on the scaffold or live to betray them."

Her voice shook; for an instant she covered her face with her hands, then, as if ashamed of her weakness, she rose and confronted him with her light eyes growing hard and glittering.

"If you have no pity, at least I can always trust you. I know my secret is safe with you."

He did not answer and apparently she felt assured without assurance, for she did not wait for any reply.

"I think it best to play a fair game with you," she continued; "so I confess that, in consequence of my interview with Reno, I sent Delgado down here to see his daughter and report to me as to her appearance. I thought if she was beautiful and clever I would obey Reno's wish and introduce her to the London world. Of course I had my own views in this.

"Well, Delgado sent me a long telegram, describing her as a plain girl—a mere peasant—and added that he had seen you with a very beautiful young lady.

"Why he deceived me I will discuss with him, not with you.

"I was rejoiced to discover your retreat. You cannot wonder if yours is an uneasy figure in my mind, and it is always a relief to know where you are and what you are doing.

"You cannot wonder either that I do not wish you to marry, for husbands and wives are confidential; and, although I can trust you, I do not feel so sure about your wife. You see I am very frank."

"I do not think I should trouble my wife with your history," Lord Enderby remarked quietly.

She laughed again.

"Perhaps not. But try to imagine what my fears would be if your wife were a Nihilist's daughter. Not that I think you will ever do so mad a thing as to marry the child of a desperado, though at present you may be in love with her," she added very quickly.

Her words touched Lord Enderby to the quick; they struck the note that jarred in him, or rather they were like a stone thrown into clear water holding Grace's image—they blurred and marred it.

"The matter is one for my own judgment," he answered, "not yours."

"Well, yes," she said; "but let me utter one entreaty. Do not speak of me too candidly to Grazia Reno. Let me remind you that to warn her against me would be to sign my death-warrant. Sooner or later your words would reach her father, and this, for me, could bring but one result. I have proved that I love my life, and can make any sacrifice to keep it. I shall and must still do that."

"You mean that in your laudable endeavors to preserve yourself you would not let my life stand in your way. Be satisfied; I will spare you with Grace on condition that you let her alone."

"I promise you," she answered gravely, "that I will do as you wish. And I accept your promise in return."

"To be kept only so long as you fulfil my condition," he answered. "Break it, and I denounce you. I am a man of my word, as you know."

She grew pale and sat down, fanning herself quickly and speaking hurriedly the while.

"There is no fear of my breaking the condition. I want to assure you the girl is quite safe. I thought to marry her well and get her out of your way—there, that was my scheme. You see I am perfectly frank. I dread your marrying. That dread brought me hither the same hour that I had Delgado's telegram. I did not expect to find that Grazia Reno and the girl he had seen with you were one; that multiplied my fear ten times. Judge whether I have not cause for fear in that you, who know I am, should love Reno's daughter. See how frank I am. I confess it is the frankness of terror."

"You scarcely expect me to give up the woman I love to appease your selfish fears?" observed Lord Enderby.

"No; and I wish I had never gone near the girl, because now, if any misfortune overtakes her, you will suspect me of being the cause. And you cannot get to London to-night. There is no train."

"I am perfectly aware of that fact. But I can post to Plymouth and catch the earliest train in the morning."

"And you are going to do that?" she cried eagerly, hiding the shadow of surprise and disappointment on her face by her large fan. "You really won't gain much time by it," she added with a light laugh.

"I shall gain half a day. But there is yet an hour to spare before I start."

"Then do come and speak to Anne, and let her see that we are friends. You have frightened the girl and made her think I know not what of me! Don't you know that without Anne's innocence, Anne's trust, Anne's affection, my life would be simply horrible?"

"I have some arrangements to make, then I will come and have a cup of coffee with you and Anne."

"Thanks," she said quite meekly.

Once more left alone, Lord Enderby took the pearls to place them in a secret drawer of an old cabinet.

In doing this he examined the clasp, which was of brilliants, forming the cipher "G. V."

"This tells me that the name Reno is feigned or he is not really Grace's father. The clasp doubtless bears the true initial of the family to which she belongs."

He said this, feeling that Lady Brentwyche had deceived him: but he resolved not to let her know that he had noticed the cipher.

Still he could not imagine her motive for withholding Grace's family name if she knew it.

He wondered Grace herself had never mentioned it.

Then he reflected on the possibility of her father having commanded her to hold it secret; he reflected also that her life at Penaluna would naturally efface old ideas, and all her surroundings being poor and hard, she would get to think and speak of herself as one of her mother's people only, and recollections of her father would grow very dim.

There was no time for further conjecture, and the sense of oppression at his heart clouded his brain.

He rang for Prue, and gave his orders, and hurried through his preparations for departure, almost like a man in a dream.

He went himself to the stables to give directions, and in returning was enticed by the cool moonlight shadows of the old avenue to pace up and down its glimmering length.

The still starlit air, the silvered light, the quiet sky, calmed the fever of his mind; he grew hopeful again; he felt sure that a few hours would restore him his lost love.

Why should he be so troubled?

It was but the question of a few hours of darkness, and the sun of joy would rise for him again, and all the possibilities of a life of happiness shine for him once more.

A shadow fell suddenly across his path, startling him from his reverie; he turned hastily, but it was gone, and there remained only the flickering shade of silvered leaves and boles of trees.

He had just persuaded himself that the shadow was fancy, when it was there again right across his feet—the unmistakable shadow of a woman.

It flitted away again instantly, but not before he had seen that the place of its disappearance was behind a huge elm.

In another moment he had reached the spot and confronted the ungainly figure of Maxed Molly.

"What are you doing here, Molly?" he said half angrily.

"I be come weth a letter; and I thoft sure I should never be able to giv' un to 'ee. I've bin out here, crouched down like a wild beste under the trees for hours and hours."

He did not hear her words; he had caught the letter from her outstretched hand, and recognized Grace's writing.

In a moment he had lighted a wax match, which Molly, with childish pleasure, held for him, while he read these few lines—

"Do you think me unloving because I leave you. I go for love's sake—for your sake, and for that only. I shall wear your ring always, and be faithful all my life to the love I have given you with my whole heart. Do not fear for me. I have money—plenty of money—and I have not trusted that fair lady, although she is my father's friend. I am not going where she bade me. I tell you this, and that I have money for all need, lest you should be very anxious for——

"Your lost GRACE."

"I dare not say a good-bye to Alan. I have wept much, longing greatly to touch your hand in farewell, and lay a kiss upon your child's dear face; but it could not be. Once more, *addio*."

The light flared up into Molly's flat face, and went out as he finished reading this. His heart was beating passionately, voice and lips trembled as he spoke.

"Molly, how did you get this letter?"

"She give it to me hours ago-no. She wrote 'un at the station. I drav' there with her in a grand carriage. I was never in a carriage afore, and I felt as of I was in a lovely funeral, only faster and no singing. It was bootiful sure 'nough."

"You saw her off; where did she go, Molly?"

"Lor, I dunno," said Molly. "She went in the train to be sure. I dunno where she be goes to—'Merriky p'r'aps, or Jerusalem or Truro."

Seeing it useless to question Molly as to Grace's journey, he only asked why she had not delivered the letter sooner.

"Because she said I was to wait till you was by yourself. And I've lurked round the house like a dog, and never seen 'ee by yourself waunce till now. There now—'tis your fault. You should have coomed out sooner."

"I wish I had, Molly; it would have saved me some sorrow."

Yes, ignorant though he was of Grace's intentions as to the future, it was an intense relief to know that she had not trusted Lady Brentwyche.

And it was joy and comfort to have an assurance of her love.

He would find out at the station whither she had gone, and he would follow her at once.

He walked onwards with a lightened heart; but a strange and sudden phenomenon stayed his steps.

The air was full of the song of birds.

Around, above, and among the trembling leaves the music sounded; every silvered moonbeam thrilled with song, every rustling bough and every shadow echoed the marvellous chorus.

And yet not a bird was seen! This sweet hymn seemed to fall from heaven like a message, as they flew from earth to sea, giving their last song to the land they loved and left.

"It is the Stennack sounds" said Molly, in an awed voice.

Lord Enderby thought it was Grace's farewell—the love and the music of her soul laid on the wings of birds, and falling on his heart like the touch of rain on the land.

CHAPTER XIX.

A TELEGRAM for you, my lady," said Charlotte Wilson. "The man waits to take back an answer."

This was about nine in the morning after Lord Enderby's departure with Prue and his child.

Lady Brentwyche had not yet risen, but she was awake, and, seizing the telegram, she opened it eagerly and read this—

"Your young friend has not arrived. I waited, not only for the train you designated but for every other coming from the west. No such passenger alighted from any of them. Send further orders, if any."

Lady Brentwyche pressed her hand across her forehead in bewilderment.

She knew Delgado too well to believe that he missed Grace in the crowd at Paddington.

It was certain therefore that she had not gone to London; but where was she, whither had she fled?

Lady Brentwyche asked this question of herself with her eyes staring straight forward into space and her teeth clenched firmly.

She was responsible to two men for this girl—her father, the Duke of Valdivia, and her lover, Lord Enderby.

For their pain, their trouble at her loss she cared nothing, but each held a power over herself which they could use to her destruction.

If Valdivia suspected her loyalty, the whole brotherhood to which he belonged would soon suspect her also; for neither chains, nor the depths of darkness, nor gaolers, nor emperors can stay that strange electric transmission of secret messages that passes on from the Nihilist in his dungeon to his brother in garrets and palaces.

The result of such suspicion would to her be most dire. A salaried spy, a traitress in the camp of the Nihilists, would receive no mercy.

As for Lord Enderby, he had frankly told her that he would denounce her if he did not find Grace in safety.

As terror upon terror rushed upon her mind like the waves of a dreadful sea, she lost her self-possession, and wrung her hands, with her face growing white as snow.

This agony however lasted only a few moments; she resolutely beat it down, and wrote out her answering telegram with a firm hand.

"Lord Enderby will arrive by the first train up from Plymouth. Let me know at once who comes with him. I shall start for London as soon as I get your reply."

This message being despatched, she roused herself and rang for her maid to dress her.

As Charlotte Wilson performed this task, she kept up a running commentary upon all the sayings and doings at Caermorran.

"Lord Enderby has given orders, my lady, to have this old ruin of a place shut up again, and the same old couple are to come and take care of it as was here before.

"People all round, so I hear, is very much astonished to find out who Mr. Fitzurse turns out to be, and the Vicar says he is very sorry he didn't call on him.

"He and some of the other gentry is dreadful angry with old Prudence White for being so close, and they say, my lady, she ought to have wrote to you, or to some other of my lord's friends, directly she saw such goings on."

"What goings on?" asked Lady Brentwyche, striving to assume an interest, that the girl might not discern her agitation.

"The goings on between my lord and Grace Lanyon.

"People say he's downright in love with her, and all the gentry is up in arms about it, for they all know her grandmother, as she was only a low woman, though she might have a bit of land of her own, which she farmed herself.

"And this man that has got it now—a sort of cousin—is a close-fisted vulgar fellow, so they says. Gregory Blake—that's his name my lady."

"What?" said Lady Brentwyche, suddenly turning round and wrenching her long hair from the woman's hands. "I mean, what did you say his name was?"

"Blake, my lady," returned the astonished Charlotte, staring at the reflection of her lady's white face in the glass.

"Wilson, you pulled my hair so sharply, you made me feel quite faint. You can go on with it now. And where does this farmer Blake live?"

"I don't know where he lives, my lady, but he is at Penaluna just now, at old Mrs. Lanyon's house.

"He does not go away till after the funeral to-morrow."

"Penaluna is a very romantic-looking place—so I hear," returned the lady carelessly.

"I should like to see it. I will drive there after breakfast.

"Tell somebody, if there is a civilized servant here, that I shall want a carriage round at eleven o'clock."

Lady Brentwyche met her niece at breakfast with a serene and smiling face; it was Anne who was discomposed and flurried, and who yet took pains to hide, if possible, that her eyes were red and swelled with weeping.

"I can't imagine, aunt, why you came down here in such a hurry," she said. "You see you have only driven Lord Enderby out of his own house."

"Not at all, my dear; he is gone on a wild-goose chase after that girl. I wonder you don't feel as angry about it as I do."

"He has a right to please himself," said Lady Anne, striving to speak calmly. "And the girl is beautiful and good."

Lady Brentwyche rose suddenly, and, coming behind Lady Anne's chair she put her arms around her, and, bending her head back gently, kissed her on the forehead.

"It is you who are good, Anne. When I die, my dear—and I shall die, horribly one day—I believe my last thought will be of you.

"You are my good angel, Anne, and you are Alan's guardian-angel too, though he does not know it."

She kissed her again, and went away, leaving her niece to bury her face in her hands and weep a few silent tears.

She was thankful to be alone—thankful that her aunt had only touched, not probed the secret of her heart.

"Yes," said Lady Brentwyche to herself, "if it were not for Anne's love shielding him, a bullet would have reached him long ago.

"An Irish hand and a Nihilist's pistol make short work of a landlord's life. But Lady Anne loves him, and he is safe—for a time."

In another hour she was standing at the door of Mrs. Lanyon's house.

She had alighted from the carriage at the head of the village street, under the pretence of wishing to walk down to the sands. The carriage was to wait for her return.

In answer to her knock, a gruff voice bade her enter, but she stood a moment on the threshold contemplating the burly figure of Gregory Blake, as, with his back towards her, he sat by the turf-fire smoking a short black pipe.

After this silent survey, she stole forward so softly that his dull ears caught no sound of her approach, and then she laid her hand on the man's shoulder.

He started and turned, and now his huge red face began to change color in patches, and his lips opened and uttered no sound.

"Don't you know me, Gregory?" asked Lady Brentwyche, her light laugh ringing up the smoky rafters.

"I know that devil's laugh of yours well enough," he answered, "and your face too, now I look at it again.

"On what fiend's errand are you come here, Emily Harwich?"

"Just try to be more civilized in your speech, will you?" she said, as she threw herself into a chair, and looked him steadily in the face.

"I am come here on your business, to remind you of all you owe me; and so I expect you to behave prettily, as you used to do in the old time."

She laughed again, and held out her hand to him; he took it much as a man might touch a snake, with a slight tremor of fear, and he dropped it instantly.

"I wonder you can talk of old times," he said between his teeth—"you, the cruelest jilt that ever nearly got a man hanged for you."

"I did you great kindness, Gregory, when I jilted you. And my sister has made you a better wife than you would have had in me."

"I don't say she hasn't," he returned sulkily. "What's your business here now?"

"We'll come to that directly. Perhaps I want you to do me a favor which will cost you something. Stop—before you refuse, let me remind you of an instant in your life."

She held up her hand, commanding silence, and went on rapidly, while his face grew white again in spots, where the red was not too deep to vanish.

"Once by the side of a deep tidal river you came suddenly in the moonlight upon a man and a girl walking like lovers. You thought the girl loved you, but she did not; she had jilted you already in her heart. A quarrel followed and a struggle, and in the morning that man was found drowned. The girl disappeared and held her peace but she sent you a penciled line to say that the only safe person in the world for you to marry would be her sister. And you took that advice. You felt that, if at some future time that girl should feel inclined to speak, the thought that she would ruin her sister would hold her back. You were right, and she was right in wishing for some strong reason to keep her silent; that reason has always chained down her desire for revenge. For, Gregory Blake, when you—no, let us say as the world did—when that man fell into the river, the girl's better nature died. Nearly all that was good in her was killed by that blow. She loved the man: no love has softened her heart since then. You may wonder that she showed you mercy at that time, but she thought she owed it to you. She went out into the world alone, bearing her secret. The small poor world to which she belonged easily accepted the reason given for her departure. She was gone to be governess at a new place—a place too good for the daughter of a village grocer. But she never went to that place. She felt that she needed miles of sea and land to stand between her and the man who had ruined her life. She had five hundred dollars—no more in the world—she spent it in going to a distant country where she attained rank and fortune, and lost liberty and peace, and conscience. Gregory Blake, you owe me your life for that life lost, and for mine blighted and withered."

Her hand dropped by her side, but she did not remove her gaze from his face; her eyes held his down, and he dared not look up even in a furtive glance.

"It was an accident—you know it!" he said uneasily. "And I was mad with jealousy," he added; "the sight of you there with him turned my brain for the minute, yet I meant him no harm. I didn't think what the end would be when—when in the struggle he fell——"

He stopped here, a visible perspiration standing out on his great strong face. When he spoke again, it was in an angry voice.

"Why are you come here to torment a man and make him remember what through years of hard work he has been trying to forget? Look here!" he said, raising his eyes at last.

"There you sit, the same smiling, deceitful woman that you ever were. I hate you, and yet the sight of you, brings back old feelings; and, if you have a husband, and he were to come in at that door now, the same rage would rise up in my heart that made a madman of me then. Now speak out. I shall do what you want, if it isn't anything that will put me under the law."

"I thought you would be reasonable," said Lady Brentwyche.

"I want you only to do something that is quite lawful and right.

"You have clutched money and land through the anger of a hard woman which ought justly to belong to her grandchild. Give it up to her—that's what I ask you to do."

Gregory Blake's astonishment at the request made his face purple.

He clenched his fist and brought it down with an oath upon his big knee.

"I am not the man to give up what I hold!" he said, with rage. "Emily Harwich, I am not an idiot!"

"Very well," she answered, rising. "I have a carriage waiting for me. I shall drive to the nearest magistrate's. I have not seen sister Harriet for so many years that I really believe it will not trouble me much."

"You can't mean what you say," he interposed eagerly.

"Anything in reason I'll do; but the land will be worth to me a good ten thousand dollars when put in order."

"Then keep the land and pay that sum into the Court of Chancery to the benefit of Grace Lanyon.

"You see I am ready to compromise the matter with you."

The man's countenance fell; his mouth worked convulsively, his clenched hand opened and shut again, his white face betokened the agony of disappointed covetousness; but he gave in.

"I will do it," he said, with a great gulp in his throat.

"But I'll have naught to do with Chancery. I'll give the money to the maid herself."

"You can't do that; she has disappeared. You must find her, or rather I will find her for you.

"Then you will pay that money into Court, and, as her sole relative, you will make an application to the Chancellor to be appointed her guardian. No one can withstand your claim, and, when the girl is in your legal custody, I will tell you what to do next.

"Now good-bye. You shall hear from me.

"Give me your address. I suppose it is a long way from the old place."

"Two hundred miles away," he answered as he gave her the back of an old letter.

In doing this he touched her hand. The touch sent a flash into his eyes; but she started back with a look of horror. In another instant she had vanished through the door, and he came back to the hearth where the dying ashes sent a pale glow; and, standing with his hands behind him, he gazed at the chair where she had sat, like a man dazed by some dreadful dream.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN Lady Brentwyche returned to Caermorran, she found a telegram from Delgado awaiting her.

It simply said that no one had arrived with Lord Enderby except his servants and child.

So Grace was not with him—and yet he had gone to London.

From this Lady Brentwyche drew the conclusion that he was as ignorant as herself of Grace's place of refuge.

Had he known it, he would have gone straight thither, and not to London, a fact that he still hoped to find her at the address given him.

Disappointed in this, he would imagine that he had been deceived, and his anger would be dangerous.

This thought roused all Lady Brentwyche's fears, and she resolved to follow him to London at once.

It was quite possible that Grace herself had gone thither.

She might have changed at Exeter and traveled by the Southwestern, in which case she had arrived at Waterloo, and hence Delgado had missed her.

The idea took such strong possession of Lady Brentwyche's mind that she soon looked on it as fact, and was in a fever of haste to act upon it.

She was bitterly angry with herself for not having guarded against this mistake, and through all the hurry of her thoughts and the vexation of them she lost her usual clearness, and missed the truth that Grace had mistrusted her, and had warned her lover that she had done so.

Ignorant of the letter sent to him, Lady Brentwyche fancied that Grace, in her childish simplicity, had failed only to carry out her journey safely, and would be easily found at some inn near Waterloo Station.

She imagined also that she had succeeded in impressing her mind with so much terror that she would not dare in any way to communicate with her lover; hence no suspicion of a letter having been sent to him touched her.

Delgado, still with a limp in his gait, met her and Lady Anne at Paddington, and they drove on together to the furnished house Lady Brentwyche had hired in Curzon street.

She possessed a jointure house in London, but she let it, whenever that was possible, as she preferred Paris, where she was well received, to London, where she was looked on by the best society as a doubtful personage, and where the best houses were closed to her.

By most people who received her she was considered a Russian, and always spoken of as the Russian Countess who had married Lord Brentwyche.

It was only those few who were well up in Russian pedigrees, and who knew the Russian Court, that were acquainted with the fact she was not of Russian birth.

Even those were scarcely aware that she was an Englishwoman.

Her English did not betray the truth, for Poles and Russians, when they learn a language, learn it thoroughly, and have the art of speaking it like a native; so her power of doing so was not considered surprising.

Moreover, questions were not often asked about Lady Brentwyche, for she never pushed herself into places where she was not wanted, and, as she was well received by certain Russians of high rank in London, people who knew her took it for granted that she was as orthodox as her neighbors.

Among those who were not very friendly were her late husband's relatives, always excepting the Marquis of Tossiande, Lady Anne's father, who had married Lord Brentwyche's only sister.

This nobleman was so impecunious, and so injudicious in his manner of living upon his wits, that his sayings and doings were quite a fortune for the "society" papers, which made a free use of his name as a peg on which to hang queer stories.

Long ago, when his wife was still living, Lord Brentwyche, for his sister's sake, had endeavored to set his affairs in order, and secure at least a moderate income for himself and family.

All such efforts were useless; the man had a talent for misfortune, and fell into ruin as easily and lightly as a withered leaf drops to the ground.

And so gradually he was given up by a succession of friends and relatives, and left finally to follow his natural bent and gravitate towards the lowest stage of impecuniosity.

When this was reached, he still seemed perfectly happy, and by some wonderful providence was always able to take his pleasure as usual, and leave his duties unperformed with an unfailing and serene carelessness, which kept him in excellent health and spirits.

But, before he had quite shaped his life to this form, his wife died of sorrow and grief, and at her dying request her brother took his two children to his own home.

Then the creditors took the estates, and Lord Tossiande was left alone to enjoy himself.

Thus it happened that his daughter Lady Anne Soulis was brought up with her cousin Lady Ada Avilon, and at her uncle's death she was left in the hands of his second wife.

It would have been difficult for her to find a home with any other near relative, for her father led a scrambling, rambling life at Continental hotels, and her brother Lord Soutis was in the army.

He had an allowance from the Tosslando estate, while Anne, under her mother's settlement, possessed three hundred a year.

This income, small though it was, saved her from a world of petty miseries, which would have fallen to her lot had she been dependent for money on her aunt Lady Brentwyche.

As it was, they were excellent friends, for Anne's equable temperament, her simple, honest, kindly nature, and above all her faith in all things good, were qualities which her aunt felt and appreciated.

They helped her to live her painful, hazardous life; it was an inexpressible comfort to know that one person near her always looked and spoke truly.

She could trust Anne, and that trust was a breath of life to her.

If she lived in an atmosphere of suspicion, and all the four winds shook terrors on her, yet with Anne she felt safe.

Truth sat on her lips and shone in her eyes; and Anne believed in her, and thought no evil of her.

This alone was a blessing of infinite value.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Doctor's Cure.

BY C. J. R.

IT was an odd piece of business all round, and I am the only person who knows all about it.

To be sure, you may say there was the lawyer who drew up the will, but he did not know the motive; and as for Mrs. Germond herself, she was the most mystified of all.

How I have laughed to myself to hear her, for she was quite confidential with me.

"Why, doctor," she would say, "I never saw old Mrs. Bryant in my life.

"I had heard of her, but never until I came to Merton.

"It is the strangest thing."

Mrs. Germond was not a native of Merton, but came there with an invalid husband and two mites of children for country air.

I, being the only physician, was soon called in to see Mr. Germond, who was slowly dying of consumption, and had been sent from a large city to try to keep the feeble spark of life aglow by country air and diet.

Mrs. Germond was a splendid musician, and had obtained the position of organist in our church from letters of introduction to some of our leading members.

In the same way she started a class of scholars amongst our wealthy people, and was thus able to support her family with comfort, if not very luxuriously.

It was not long before my professional interest was as much given to Mrs. Germond as to my actual patient, and with far greater concern, because in her case recovery was possible, while with her husband we could do no more than smooth his passage to the grave.

She was a slender delicate looking woman, refined in manner, gentle and pleasant, and with the most cheerful face to meet troubles I ever saw.

She was not pretty, but her smile was like sunshine and her voice always sweet and soft.

Yet, with all this sunny brightness, sweet even temper, and gentle care for the invalid, Mrs. Germond was one of those quiet martyrs who bear the ill attendant upon overwork and mental strain unflinchingly.

I vainly tried to make her save herself.

Her watchword was duty, and her will overcame her weakness.

Prostrate one day with the agonizing headaches of physical exhaustion, she was out the next, busy with her scholars, or up all night tending her husband.

When he died she lay for days entirely passive, all energy gone for the time; her heart crushed with grief, her frame for once without the ruling power to rouse it to action.

But she was not a woman to let such grief overcome her manifest duty, and mother-love came to rouse her.

Once more the dreary treadmill began to wear her body, now still less fitted for its burdens, and I could only help her to temporary relief and strength, knowing that perfect rest would restore to its natural strength one of the most perfect organizations I ever saw.

Ah, how I longed for money in those days when I watched Mrs. Germond treading a path I knew must end in death, without the power to stop her.

For her children, as for her husband, she toiled unceasingly, and while her home duties were so engrossing, she never turned from the calls of humanity or charity.

Many a dying bed, where poverty wore its darkest frown, was soothed by her gentle presence.

Many a dainty dish came from her hands to those poorer than herself.

It was impossible for me to avoid knowing all this, as the invalids of Merton had no physician but myself, but it was in vain that I urged Mrs. Germond to spare herself.

"One would think I was sick," she would say to me, "when I only have a cough that I have had for years, and sometimes neuralgia."

"Are you ever free from pain?"

"Well, no, not entirely, but it is bearable."

And so I come to my mysterious legacy. I had many times told Mrs. Germond that if she would give up her scholars and obey me implicitly for six months she would be well.

And at last I did what we of the healing profession shrink most from doing, I told her that if she did not she must prepare to break down hopelessly.

"But see," she pleaded, "how often I break down and yet get up again.

"I cannot give up my work and see my children starve."

What could I say?

I had urged upon her the necessity of rest, placed before her the danger in which she stood, and I was powerless to do more.

It was just at this time that Mrs. Bryant, the owner of half Merton, and heiress to three fortunes—her father's, her mother's, and her husband's—was taken dangerously ill.

She was one of my patients of course, but she had but seldom called upon my professional services, having carried her eighty years of life almost without pain or disease.

Her illness was fatal from the first, but she had but little suffering, and her cheerfulness was wonderful.

Many a long talk we had when I had finished my professional visits, and in one of these she said to me—

"Tell me of some charity for Merton to which I can leave a portion of my wealth.

"My husband's money I have left to his relatives, but I have not one living who can claim me as related to him.

"I stand alone, and I have disposed of my own property in benefits to public institutions.

"But I should like to do some other good here.

"You know so many of our poor people.

"Tell me where small sums, say five hundred each, can be distributed to do most good."

With much discussion we made out a list, and then she said—

"I have still fifteen thousand for Merton."

Like an inspiration came to me the thought of the precious life that money, humanly speaking, would save.

The income of fifteen thousand would give Mrs. Germond a support, enable her to devote herself to her children, to be the good angel of many a poor home, and yet to rest from the monotonous labor that was wearing out her strength and depriving her of her power of usefulness.

It was a bold thing to do, and Mrs. Bryant looked rather stunned at the audacity of my proposal; but I asked her to leave the money, in one sum, to a total stranger who was not an object of charity.

"But you tell me she earns a comfortable support," she said.

"At the price of her life."

"It is such a strange thing to do, to leave so large a sum to an entire stranger."

"Ah," I said, "if it were only done oftener.

"If the millionaires who leave immense sums to charities to be doled out in temporary relief, would sometimes look out for a few of the hard-working individuals who are struggling beyond their strength, and give them a sum to insure an income for life."

It was one of my hobbies, this suffering of what may be called "genteel poverty"—the class too proud to ask for help while brain or hand can work, and yet unfitted to meet the rough blasts of poverty—and I used all my eloquence.

Still Mrs. Bryant seemed to be unconvinced when I left her.

"It was such an odd thing to do."

"It is an odd thing to do," I said; "but it will restore a useful life to health and strength, save a mother to two children, and I firmly believe, do more good than the same money will do split up into small charities, or distributed in public institutions."

When old Mrs. Bryant died, I had gone to attend the funeral of my son's wife, and I was absent two weeks, a brother practitioner from Hilton, ten miles distant from Merton, taking my place.

On my return, in giving me an account of his visits, he made no mention of Mrs. Germond, and I found that he had not been called in to see her.

I knew that she was not fond of strange faces, and concluded that she had preferred to trust to her own judgment, if suffering, until my return.

But one of my first calls was at the little cottage, where I found my friend in a state of bewildered excitement.

"Doctor," she said, "you have often promised me perfect health if I would give up my scholars and obey you implicitly. Can you still promise that?"

"I think I can, under Providence."

"Issue your orders then.

"My scholars are already warned to get a new teacher.

"Imagine, doctor, Mrs. Bryant has left me fifteen thousand dollars.

"I never saw her.

"And the income is to be paid regularly from the date of her death, until the estate is settled, when the capital will be at my disposal.

"Why, you do not look half so astonished as I am."

Brought thus to my senses, I put on an expression of surprise; and I think the pleasure was already visible.

I lost no time in sending my patient, for the winter, to a softer climate than our village, with most explicit directions for her daily life.

And the result justified my hopes.

In the spring Mrs. Germond returned to Merton without one dangerous symptom, with her soft eyes bright with health, and her slender form strengthened and vigorous.

There is not in all Merton a more useful energetic woman than my former patient, and if Mrs. Bryant could see the many acts of gentle humanity that came from the little cottage, she might still think her legacy to a stranger was, after all, only another form of distributing the money in smaller charities.

A FAMOUS LETTER.—A remarkable Irishman was Sir Boyle Roche, but most remarkable for making unintentional contradictions in language or "bulls" as they are called. One of his greatest efforts is the following letter.

"DEAR SIR.—Having now a little peace and quiet, I sit down to inform you of the bustle and confusion we are in from the bloodthirsty rebels, many of whom are now killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess, and can get nothing to eat and no wine to drink except whiskey. When we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this letter I have my sword in one hand and my pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end; and I am right, for it is not over yet. At present there are such goings on that everything isn't a stand still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago; but I only received it this morning—indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the mail-coach from Dublin was robbed near this town, the bags had been very judiciously left behind, for fear of accidents, and by great good luck there was nobody in the coach except two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday an alarm was given that a gang of rebels in full retreat from Drogheda were advancing under the French standard; but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force a great deal too little, and were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face, and to it we went. By the time half our party were killed we began to be all alive. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns except pistols, cutlasses and pikes, and we had plenty of muskets and ammunition. We put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. In fact, in a short time, nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different—chiefly green. After the action was over we went to rummage their camp. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles filled with water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed round, which exactly squares with my ideas of security. Adieu. I have only time to add that I am yours in haste.

B. R.

"P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have been miscarried; therefore I beg you write and let me know."

THE HONEY BEE.—Nowhere in the working of natural law in the lower orders do we see more wonderful exhibitions of instinct, nearly approaching to intelligence, than in the common honey-bee. This little creature is truly "fearfully and wonderfully made." Take, for instance, the feet of the common working bee; they exhibit at one and the same time a basket, a brush, and a pair of pincers. One of the articles, indeed, is a brush of extreme fineness, the hairs of which, arranged in symmetrical rows, are only to be seen with the microscope; with this brush, of fairy delicacy, the bee continually brushes its velvet robe to remove the pollen dust with which it becomes loaded while rifling the flowers and sucking up their nectar. Another article, which is hollowed like a spoon, receives all the gleanings which the insects carries to the hive; it is a pannier for provisions. Finally by opening them one upon another, by means of a hinge, these two pieces become a pair of pincers, which render important service in the construction of the combs, and it is with them that the bee lays hold of the semicircles of wax below its abdomen, and carries them to its mouth.

The mechanism of the sting is no less extraordinary. This weapon consists of a sheath inclosing two needle-shaped darts of exceeding fineness placed side by side. Toward the point they are armed with minute teeth like those of a saw, whence it happens that the bee is sometimes unable to withdraw this little javelin from the enemy it has pierced, for so powerful is the impetus of the sting that it will pierce even the thick human skin the twelfth of an inch deep. When the sting makes the wound, the acrid poison is squeezed in from the bag near its base, the structure and process being nearly identical with those of the poison fangs of serpents. Only the female and the neuters of working bees have these formidable weapons, the males or drones being defenceless.

PUNCTUALITY requires no under exertion, and its influence is a most salutary one. Its cultivation seems the most important as we witness the deleterious influence of dilatoriness in habit, the evil effect of which none deny. "Better late than never," transformed into "better never late," is an excellent maxim.

THE fashion of tracing the veins with blue paste is gaining favor in London.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE NAUTILUS.—The art of sailing is merely an imitation of the nautilus. There are thirty species; some so large that drinking cups are made of their shells. The fish is independent of the shell. In sailing it stretches out two of its arms, which hold up a membrane as a sail; and with two other arms and its tail, rows and steers.

WHALES.—A single stroke with the tail of a whale will cut a boat in two; and they move in the sea above a mile a minute. The females are most affectionate to their young; and when assailed and wounded by the avaricious monsters who frequent these seas their care of their young ones often draws tears from every eye-witness who is not capable of midnight murder.

NOTES IN SCOTLAND.—Two centuries ago in the Highlands of Scotland, to ask for a receipt or promissory note was thought an insult. If parties had business matters to transact, they stepped into the air, fixed their eyes upon the heavens, and each repeated his obligation without mortal witness. A mark was then carved on some rock or tree by as a remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as breach of contract was rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honor.

FLAGS OF TRUCE.—The ruse of hoisting a flag of truce to give time for evacuation is not without precedent. The same ruse has often been played in war, and Napoleon I. won a battle during the Italian campaign of 1796, which first made him known as a great general. His army was in a position which almost certainly would have been fatal to it. He sent a flag of truce to the Austrian general, and during the negotiations, which he never intended to succeed, drew his forces out of their position.

A QUEER CURE.—About a quarter of a century ago frogs were very generally used in Scotland as certain cure for consumption the hapless patient being expected to swallow the horrible cold morsel alive on an empty stomach, and before breakfast. The remedy must have been much more horrible than the disease, for it gradually died out, and now frogs are only administered to horses and cows in very remote country districts, and for the cure of certain "spells" which may have been cast upon them.

PARIS.—The suburbs of Paris are noted for their beauty. Many handsome residences are situated there because of the healthfulness and grandeur of the country. The city itself is situated on the Seine River; its circumference is fifteen miles. Viewed from an eminence the form of the city is nearly circular. There are more than 2,200,000 inhabitants, 1,350 streets, 204 covered avenues, 30 boulevards, 100 public establishments, 58 barriers, 28 bridges and 38 quays. Two islands are formed in the Seine, Ile de la Cite and Ile St. Louis, and its sides are lined by thirty quays.

THE USE OF TOADS.—Toads have been used by the entomologists for the acquisition of minute nocturnal insects difficult to catch. A number were turned out at night in a district where a rare or desired insect is known to exist. In the morning the reptiles were captured, and either deprived of their spoils by a little gentle pressure or killed and ransacked. If they could also be made subservient to anatomical science by providing our cabinets with osteological preparations of the minute vertebrates so difficult to set up, the poor amphibians would prove of greater value to students than if they really were that mythic precious jewel in their heads which the exiled duke ascribed to them.

OLD CUSTOMS.—Some curious old customs are still observed in London on Good Friday. By the will of Peter Symonds, made in the year 1558, sixty of the youngest boys in Christ's Hospital receive after divine service on Good Friday morning in Allhallows Church, Lombard street, a new penny and a bag of raisins. On April 7, after a sermon by the Prebendary, the requirements of the will were, for the 289th time, carried out. At St. Bartholomew's the Great, West Smithfield, twenty one widows visited an ancient tomb in the churchyard, and each picked up a new sixpence. Though the name of the benefactress has been lost the gift has been observed every Good Friday morning for the last 400 years.

THE GREATEST PYRAMID.—The greatest pyramid is that of Cheops, one of the three pyramids forming the Memphis group, situated on a plateau about 137 feet above the level of the highest rise in the Nile. Its dimensions have been reduced by the removal of the other portions to furnish stone for the city of Cairo. Its masonry consisted originally of 99,023,000 cubic feet and still amounts to 82,111,000 feet. The present vertical height is 450 feet against 479 feet originally, and the present length of the sides is 746 feet against 764 feet originally. The total weight of the stone is estimated at 6,326,000 tons. The only entrance is on the north face, 49 feet above the base, and about 24 feet east of the central line. The passage way is only 3 feet 11 inches high and 3 feet 5½ inches wide. It leads down a slope a distance of 320 feet 10 inches to the sepulchral chamber and beyond this 52 feet 9 inches into the rock. It is supposed that it was intended to excavate another chamber at the end of this passage. The sepulchral chamber is 40 feet long by 27 feet in width, and its height is 11½ feet. Above this chamber are several smaller chambers connected with it by passages. The only sarcophagus found in the pyramid was in one of the upper apartments known as the King's Chamber. It is of red granite and at one time contained the mummy of the King, which disappeared when the pyramids were first opened and plundered.

THERE AND HERE.

BY C. COHEN."

I had a dream that was so beautiful!
The Heaven's golden portals opened wide,
And all the space was filled with light and bliss,
Seraphic songs arose with wondrous charms;
I caught their sweetness in thy clinging kiss,
And knew my Heaven in thy circling arms!

I had a dream that was so beautiful!
The "Gate ajar" showed me an angel home,
Where perfect peace and holy joy abound,
While purest love pervaded every part—
My "holiest holy" in thy soul I found,
And love most earnest in thy faithful heart.

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TWO more weeks passed, and by that time Martin Ray had grown warmly attached to the man whom he would call "young Glen."

Martin himself was ill—his health was fast failing; and he clung to this younger man, so full of health, strength, and vitality—only a chance acquaintance, but one of the few ties that bound him to the outer world.

Men had forgotten him; he said bitterly that they had not even waited until he was dead.

Now that his health and strength had left him, now that his grand sonorous voice could no longer declaim its magnificent denunciations, now that the inner fire had burned out, and in the sunken eyes the light of enthusiasm shone no more, he was forgotten by the thousands whom he had led; not one cared what had become of him, and, but for the faithful love and services of his daughter, he must have died.

In these days much of his pride had left him, and there were times when his eyes ached for one glimpse of Leah.

Then, sitting moodily watching the sea, he would ask himself if he had really cursed her, and if Heaven had heard his evil wish.

One day Sir Basil, coming earlier than usual in morning, found him sitting by the ivy-covered wall, his face buried in his hands.

When he raised it to greet him, the Baronet saw plainly the traces of tears.

As usual, Martin was cynical, even about himself.

"I am a very rueful looking patriot this morning," he said.

"I have been ill all night, and I am alone."

Sir Basil glanced round.

"Where is Miss Ray?" he asked.

"My daughter is always busied about something or other; she has not much time to give to me.

"It was different once."

Sir Basil felt indignant.

He knew that, no matter where Hettie might be, she was working for him and for no one else.

"I think," he said quietly, "that Miss Ray gives you all her time.

"I have never seen a daughter so devoted."

"She is very good," he allowed; and then he added abruptly—

"I had another daughter once."

It seemed as though some irresistible power forced him to talk of Leah.

It was the first time he had spoken of her since the day she had left him, and, like pent-up water suddenly let loose, his thoughts and feelings at once found vent.

He rose from his seat and stretched his arms out toward the great heaving ocean.

"I have never pretended to be what people call tender-hearted, but my love for that girl was deeper than the sea—deeper and wider than yonder sea!"

Sir Basil thought to himself that he looked like one of the grand heroes of old, with his tall figure and massive head, his arms outstretched in appealing despair.

"I made two idols," he continued.

"The first was my wife—she died; the other was my daughter."

"Did she die also?" asked Sir Basil pityingly.

"No; she is worse than dead—a thousand times worse than dead.

"If I could weep over some green grave containing her I should be happier."

"Not dead?" said Sir Basil, wonderingly.

"No; she deserted me; she cast me off, much as you would throw away your old gloves.

"I swore that I would never mention her name; but, if I do not speak my heart will break.

"I have thought of her all night against my will—quite against my will."

"It is only natural that you should think of her," rejoined the Baronet.

"No; you do not know what she did.

"I had these two daughters, Hettie and—another.

"Hettie is a loving gentle girl; the other was a genius, a bright, beautiful, gifted girl, who would have been a prophetess amongst the people.

"My heart was wrapped up in her.

"People say that a father should make no difference in the love that he bears his children.

"How can he help it?

"To me one was as a magnificent imperial eagle, the other like a gentle white dove.

"I loved the eagle best.

"I wanted to make her a heroine, to teach her to go amongst the people, to teach as I had taught.

"She was so beautiful, so full of fire and spirit, a grand soul shining in her beautiful eyes!

"I told her what I wanted.

"I asked her for her life's service.

"What is the service of a life when one loves a cause?

"On the very day I unfolded my plans to her a stranger came amongst us—a man related to my wife.

"He was rich—bah, how I hate to speak of him!—and he wanted to adopt my children.

"I refused his offer; he appealed to them.

"Ah, Heaven, when I think of the scene!

"She, the daughter whom I loved best, left me, and went up to him, this stranger, and clung to him.

"'Take me away,' she cried.

"'I have been praying to Heaven to send me a deliver from this furnace of fire.'

"She went with him, and I cursed her."

As he finished speaking, Martin Ray's hand fell nerveless to his side, his gray head drooped upon his breast.

"And the other—Hettie—what did she do?"

"Ah, good, faithful Hettie! She came to me.

"I see the picture now, Glen.

"She put her arms around my neck, and said—

"'I will love you and serve you and be true to you until I die.'

"And so we four stood looking at each other.

"Then the other two went away.

"Hettie and I have been alone ever since; we have never uttered her sister's name since the day she left us, and we never shall.

"If Hettie ever breathed it, I would send her from me.

"Yet to-day I grieve that I cursed my eldest child.

"What do you think," added Martin, after a short pause, "of the choice my daughters made?"

"I think Miss Hettie one of the most devoted, most unselfish girls in the world," answered the Baronet.

"And what do you think of the other?" asked Martin Ray.

"What can I think?" said Sir Basil.

"What could any man think of a girl who deserts her own father and clings to a stranger?"

"You condemn her then?" questioned Martin Ray eagerly.

"It is not my place to judge or condemn.

"Perhaps she could put the matter in a way which would make it appear quite different; but, so far as I can see, I should say that Miss Hettie was by far the more noble of the two.

"I should think her sister selfish, and certainly wanting in the nobility of character—wanting too in natural affection, if she could desert her father and cling to a stranger."

"I have never been the same man since," said Martin Ray.

"I should hardly have thought that two sisters could have differed so greatly," remarked Sir Basil, quite unconscious that by his own words he was condemning the girl he had asked to be his wife.

"I should like to know," said Martin Ray, with a haggard face, "if curses ever cause evil; I should like to know if that proud beautiful head will bend under the curse I laid upon it?"

"I hope not," answered Sir Basil.

Martin turned to him suddenly.

"Promise me," he said, "that you will not reveal one word of what I have told you.

"Hettie believes that I have forgotten her sister.

"I wish her still to think so."

"I shall never speak of it," promised Sir Basil.

"You may rely upon me."

But as he went home he thought much of the story he had just heard.

What a strange thing that two sisters should differ so greatly—that one should be so noble, so full of self-sacrifice, and that the other should leave her father and go away with a stranger!

He admired Hettie more than ever.

"She has an angelic face and an angelic nature," he said to himself.

"It is not often that the two go together."

He remembered the story again when he saw Leah.

So perfectly unconscious was he that she was the heroine of it that he thought to himself how grandly Leah would have acted in the circumstances; he felt sure that she too would have gone to her father's side and have stood by him against the whole world.

When he called again at the cottage, Martin was very ill, and Hettie in great distress.

She looked to him more beautiful than ever, her blue eyes filled with tears, her lovely face filled with sorrow and compassion.

He watched her preparing with deft fingers all that Martin needed.

His heart went out to her, as he believed, in simple pity.

It was such a hard life.

"I wish," he said, approaching her, "that I could do something for you."

"You have done a great deal for me," Hettie replied, with a quick bright smile.

"Have I?

"What is it, Miss Hettie?"

"You have given me comfort by speaking so kindly."

"If I knew how to give you comfort," Sir Basil said quickly, "I would ask for nothing better.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am to see you so sorely tried.

"Let me lift that heavy tray for you.

"Those little white hands were never made for hard work like this."

"I think," she said, smiling through her tears, "that you would be amused to see how much what you call my 'little white hands' can do between sewing and writing.

"It seems to me they travel many miles each day."

Sir Basil stood by quite helpless.

He saw how anxious and distressed Hettie was, and he thought with bitterness of the sister who had left her.

Something of what filled his heart was shown in his manner, and in some vague way they understood each other.

Sir Basil did not stay long; but when he bade Hettie farewell something was in each face which had never been there before, some new feeling stirred each heart.

They said good night hurriedly with averted faces; but in Hettie's heart there was a thrill of something like new life, and in Sir Basil's a strange tumultuous happiness that he hardly understood.

Leah wondered more than ever at the preoccupied manner of her lover.

Was he thinking of her?

Was it the future that troubled him?

Was he dreaming of politics?

The last thing in this world that she would have suspected was that he was thinking of her long-lost sister.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE time came when Sir Basil Carlton stood face to face with the knowledge of his own secret, when he said to himself that, if marriages were made in Heaven, Hettie was the one woman intended for him, that she was the only woman in this world he could ever love.

She stood out quite distinct and clear to him.

He knew that at last he had met the love that was his doom, that he—Sir Basil Carlton, engaged to marry the great heiress Leah Hatton—loved with his whole heart Hettie Ray, the daughter of a man who seemed to be hated and despised amongst the class of which he himself was a prominent member.

That Hettie was poor and unknown, that she was the daughter of such a father, he cared nothing.

If he had been free, he would have pleaded his suit, he would have taken her in his arms and never let her go until she had promised to be his wife.

As it was, knowing that he loved her, he must look upon her face only once again, and then it must be to say farewell.

He marvelled within himself at the strange fate that had befallen him.

The woman who loved him better than her own life was beautiful as a goddess, and she would bring to her husband both money and lands; yet his heart did not incline to her.

He was grateful to her, fond of her, but he did not love her with the love that comes but once in life.

He had not sought his fate; he had been almost asked to marry Leah; so much had been said to him that, without being absolutely cruel, he could not have done otherwise; and now he found that he had made himself miserable for life.

"I wish," he cried to himself in vain reproach, "that I had not been so impetuous.

"If I had waited but one year longer!"

He stood face to face with this one fact at last—that wealth, title, fame, grandeur, nothing that earth could give him was of any value unless with it he had the love of Hettie Ray.

He was in despair.

"Who is it that directs this power we call love?" he asked himself.

"Why can I not love the woman I must marry?

"Why can I not marry the woman I love?"

Looking forward through the possible years of a long life, he saw no gleam of brightness; there could be no happiness in a future unshared by Hettie Ray.

He was not the first man who had stood confused and embarrassed on the threshold of life—not the first to go through that terrible struggle between duty and inclination from which no man altogether escapes.

What would he have said or thought had he known the two girls between whom he was so curiously placed were sisters?

He thought himself already the sport of fate.

If he had known the truth, he would have believed himself cursed by fate.

He began to wonder what Hettie's feelings were, if she cared for him; and then his conscience reproached him.

He knew she did; he had read her love in her eyes on the night when everything was changed between them.

If he were but free!

It seemed almost unmanly, but he could not help the bitter sob which rose to his lips.

He knew that the present state of things must end, that he must make up his mind with respect to some immediate course of action.

He must not play with fire, he must not dally with temptation, he must decide at once which way honor lay.

The same evening, after dinner, the Duchess proposed that they should spend an hour in the picture gallery, which ran half round the house and was one of the most magnificent parts of it.

The Dene collection of pictures was considered one of the finest in England.

The Duchess sat in a lounging chair of crimson velvet, watching the pretty groups scattered about; but there were two among the guests upon whom her eyes chiefly rested.

One was a tall graceful girl draped in palest amber half covered with black lace; diamonds shone on her dark head, on her white breast, and on her beautiful arms.

She carried a fan glittering with jewels and made of pale amber plumes; her dress was cut after the fashion of an old Venetian picture, and with the diamonds at her breast were some scarlet passion-flowers.

She formed a perfect picture; and so many of the gentlemen seemed to think, for they haunted her like shadows.

Shadows too they were to her, for she saw only Sir Basil; her eyes never lingered with interest on any one else.

She had been walking up and down what was called the south gallery with Sir Basil, and the Duchess noticed with annoyance that, while Leah's whole soul shone in her eyes and trembled on her lips, he was distant and preoccupied.

"The man who has won the love of such a woman ought to be proud of her," she thought; "but, if I were to express my ideas on the subject, I should say that he looked bored."

It was true.

All the brilliancy of Leah's beauty, her grace, her wit, the touch of genius which made her different from others, the very lavishness of the love she gave him, tired him.

He knew that the position was pitiable, that it was cruel; but he could not help it.

As he walked by her side, the shining amber robes and the light of her diamonds contrasted unfavorably with the pale blue dress and sweet face of the girl whom he loved so dearly.

"Basil," she said, "I am sure you are not listening to me; your thoughts are elsewhere.

"Do you know what Lady Fanny Curtiss said about you to day?"

"Lady Fanny is so very uncomplimentary, I hardly care to inquire," laughed Sir Basil.

"She said that you looked like one of the Gunpowder-Plot band—that you wanted only a slouch hat, a large cloak, and a lantern to make you a perfect conspirator."

"What called forth Lady Fanny's wit?" he asked.

"You have looked so sad, Basil, during the last few days; you have lost all the bright, cheery, genial manner which made you so—so irresistible."

"What an expressive word, Leah!" he replied, trying to treat the matter lightly.

They were standing then by a magnificent statue of Cleopatra holding the viper in her hand.

The marble face of the unhappy queen looked upon them.

"Do not laugh at me, Basil," she said; and the passion in her voice awed him.

She stood quite still and laid her hand, as though for support, upon the arm of the Egyptian queen.

"Tell me, dear, is it my fault that you are not happy?

"Have I done anything that has displeased you?

"You know that I live only for you, Basil.

"Is it I who vex you, who grieve you?" she asked.

Her beautiful head drooped nearer to him.

"My love, my love," she whispered, "if there be a single thing in my daily life that does not please you, tell me, and I will change it."

At that moment he wished himself dead; he hated himself because he could not give her back love for love.

"There is nothing in you that could be changed for the better, Leah," he said; you are perfect.

"You never either grieve or vex me.

"I am out of health or spirits, I think," he said.

She touched with her warm loving lips the hand that lay near her; but the marble Cleopatra was not colder than was his heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SIR BASIL had decided.

He had tried to think of his case as though it was another's; he had tried to weigh it, give judgment upon it.

There were two courses open to him—he could go to Leah, tell her his story, and ask for his freedom, or he could leave Dene and never look on Hettie Ray's sweet face again.

If he decided to pursue the former, he knew that it would be far less cruel were he to plunge a knife into Leah's breast; he knew that it would kill her more surely than if he had gone away and left her long before.

Was it his duty to consider her first?

Clearly.

He had asked her to be his wife; he had never dreamed that a time would come when he should love with all the madness, the passion, the impetuosity of youth; he had fancied in some vague way that his engagement would save him from it.

Yes—before he thought of himself or his own happiness, he must think of Leah.

Only a few months since his life had lain before him bright and calm as a summer sea; he had known but little trouble.

He had youth, wealth—every good gift, in short; now all these were valueless to him, because he must renounce the thing he loved best.

Weighing all the circumstances, he did not think that he could have called himself dishonorable had he told the whole story to Leah.

But he could not crush her—her whose only fault was loving him not wisely, but too well.

She must be his first care, since she was his promised wife.

But, while he was deciding to surrender all hope for the future, he determined to have one more glimpse of paradise, and say farewell to Hettie, so that he might take with him through all time the memory of her words and looks.

On the morning after he had come to this decision he told the General that it was very probable he should be compelled to return to Glen in a few days.

Business awaited him: one or two leases had fallen in, and there was some adjoining property for sale—in fact, there were several important reasons why he must go at once.

"Leah will be very sorry," said Sir Arthur, whose first thought was always for his beloved niece.

Sir Basil was not the man to do things by halves.

"Why need you linger after I am gone? You can bring Leah back to Brentwood. I am sure she will be pleased to be at home again, though they make us very happy here.

"And, Sir Arthur," he continued, determined to rivet his chain at once, "when you are once more at Brentwood, I want to talk to you about—about the marriage; it's time something was settled."

Sir Arthur laughed quietly, and looked pleased.

"You must talk to Leah about that, Basil," he said.

"Yes, I will talk to her about it," returned the other impetuously. "I don't see the use of this long delay."

"Nor do I," said the General; "I do not understand the art of love-making, but you have both had plenty of time to fully make up your minds. You love each other, and I do not see what need there is for further waiting."

How Sir Basil winced at the simple words, at the implicit faith, the complete confidence and trust reposed in him!

What would this old soldier say if he knew that he had given his heart, his love, to some one else?

The same day he told Leah of his intention to leave Dene.

He oftentimes afterward thought of the scene.

She was in the drawing-room, standing by the table, turning over the leaves of a book, when he went up to her.

"Leah," he said, gently, "I find from my letters this morning that I must go back to Glen. I have some important business to attend to at home."

She had been smiling as she looked over the engravings; but her face changed as she said the words.

"You are going, Basil," she said—"leaving us?"

A quiver of pain passed quickly over her face, and a wistful expression crept into her eyes.

He thought to himself, if the simple announcement of his departure for a few days could cause her so much pain, what would have happened had he told her all? He could not be cruel to her.

He must take care that she never even suspected the truth.

He must endeavor to make her happy, although he could never be so.

How well she loved him, and, oh! the pity of it!

"Leah," he said, taking her hand in his, "I will not talk to you now.

"The General told me that you would not remain much longer at Dene.

"You will return to Brentwood in a few days, and then you will let me speak to you about our marriage?

"I want you to fix a date for it, to tell me when you think it can take place.

"It seems uncertain, and I am tired of uncertainties."

A look of unutterable relief came over her face.

Ah, Heaven be thanked!

It was of her, of their marriage, and their future, that he had been thinking lately, with so grave a face.

A great tearless sob rose to her lips—she had been so unhappy about him, and all without reason; his silence had been caused only by his anxious thoughts of her.

They were alone in the drawing-room.

She looked up at him, all the love that filled her heart shining in her dark eyes. She put one fair arm around his neck.

"Basil, I have been so unhappy about you," she murmured.

"People said that you looked preoccupied and dull.

"I could see for myself that you were not the same; and I wondered if you had ceased to love me."

"Ceased to love you, Leah!"

He tried to speak carelessly, but his whole frame trembled and his lips grew very pale.

"Ceased to love you! Leah, tell me what you would do if that happened."

The face raised to his was full of earnestness and truth.

"What should I do?" she replied. "There would be but one thing on earth for me to do, and that would be to die. When all that made life worth living was gone, how could I live?"

"Life is very precious," he said, drawing her closer to himself; "and it is not easy to die."

"It would be easy for me," she declared. "I have let all my desires and interests merge themselves in yours. I have kept back nothing for myself not even one thought of my heart."

"I know you have not," he said, touched inexpressibly by the pathos of her voice and face.

He caressed the dark masses of hair, and the girl's whole face grew radiant at this unexpected indication of his tenderness.

"Leah," he went on thoughtfully, "I am the last one to preach on such subjects, but do you think it wise for any one, man or woman, to become so completely engrossed in his or her love?"

"No, certainly not," she replied; "I do not think it wise; but there are some who cannot help it."

"You have given me your heart, your life. Suppose it should be the will of Heaven that I die—what then?"

"I should die too," she replied, with a look so calm that he saw she would find nothing to repine at in such a fate.

"I have my own ideas about true love," she added; "and ours is true love, Basil, though the portion of it that comes to us in this life is smaller than that which I feel assured we shall enjoy the next. And you, Basil," she asked, looking at him with happy eyes, "what should you do if I died?"

Heaven help him!

He had hated himself.

He longed for the power to take her in his arms, to whisper loving words to her, to kiss her lips, to make her happy; but he could not—the fair sweet face with eyes like blue hyacinths floated between them.

"I cannot tell," he replied. "Men are so unlike women; even the quality of their love is different."

"One thing, I am sure, would never happen; you would never care for any one else," she said, with the implicit faith of a loving woman.

He hated himself more than ever as the words fell on his ear.

"You believe in constancy, Leah?" he asked.

"Yes," she said musingly. "I cannot imagine anything so terrible as losing you; and, even if I lived after such an awful calamity, I could never care for any one save you. No other would have power to interest me. I believe in one love, and no more."

"If she knew!" he thought, with a bitter sigh.

"Leah," he said, after a few minutes' silence, "could anything that I might ever do make you hate me?"

"No," she replied, "nothing. I have asked myself that question. If you were in a felon's cell to-morrow, I would share it with you. I would go to the scaffold with you."

"Dear," he said gently, "that is great love, but it is not a blind love?"

"Yes," she answered; "and in this world a blind love is best.

"You have made me very happy, Basil," she continued. "During these evenings, while you have looked so thoughtful, I have watched you anxiously."

"Why did you not tell me that you were troubled?" he asked.

"I did not like to do so. Although I know how much you love me Basil, there are times when I feel timid and almost afraid of intruding on you."

"I thought," he said jestingly—only too pleased to jest—"that in perfect love there was no fear?"

"There is fear in every love," she replied. "I must know, for I feel mine so strongly. Ah me, I am happy to-day, Basil! In future, when you look thoughtful, I shall say to myself that you are thinking of me."

She raised her face to his; and, bend down he kissed the loving lips and the tears from the happy eyes.

"My love," she murmured, "I could almost wish to die here and now, while I am sure that you love me."

And it would have been well for her if she had died.

The sound of her voice, the clasp of her arms, the kiss from her lips, the memory of her loving words, went with him as he set out to say farewell to the girl he loved. Just that one half-hour from a whole lifetime should be his.

He would take Hettie's hand look into her face, and say "Good-bye," never to meet her more, his first, last, only love; and then the rest of his life should be given to duty.

It was the close of an autumn afternoon when he sought Hettie Ray.

The light was dying in an amber sky; and he walked with swift footsteps up the green hill that he would never climb again.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HETTIE RAY was watching the amber light.

The king of day was setting in royal splendor.

He had donned new colors this evening; he had dispensed with crimson and gold, and had surrounded himself with clouds of deep amber and purple—kingly colors that, falling upon the sea, gave a weird gleam to the waters.

The light of a daffodil sky was there in full perfection, but the green earth looked strange under it; a curious glow lay upon the hills, upon the trees and the grass.

To Hettie's loving eyes it seemed though nature were waiting, and that, when the sun had set, something would happen. The sun was sinking lower and lower; the amber clouds seemed to touch the water's edge.

From the waves on the shore came a musical murmur, from the birds in the trees an evening hymn.

Hettie, in her old seat by the ivy-covered wall, was tranquilly watching the lovely scene.

Her father had fallen asleep.

He was still very ill, and she was anxious about him.

She had decided that if he were not better on the morrow she would call in a doctor. She had been up with him all night, and she had been hard at work all day; she was tired and anxious—yet there was a look of happiness on her fair face.

In the midst of the gloom and the darkness there was a ray of light for her—the handsome young stranger whom her father called "Glen" loved her; she felt sure of it.

She was so shy, so modest, so completely without vanity or coquetry, so simple and sweet; in her busy life she had had but little time to think of love and lovers.

Deep in her heart lay a dim vague knowledge, half hope, half fear, that some day or other this beautiful dream would come to her.

She could not be unhappy while thoughts of "Glen" pierced the gloom.

All the fatigue of the night and the labor of the day had been as nothing to her because of her thoughts of him.

She did not own to herself that she loved him and was ready to give up her unsought; but she knew that if he loved her, as she had now some reason to believe he did, she would be the happiest girl on earth.

How handsome he was, how noble, how good.

What a knightly face was his, what a courtly "gentleman."

And, while she was thinking of him, while the amber clouds rested on the water, he stood suddenly by her side.

No rose ever blushed more sweetly; her whole face changed; her eyes welcomed him, and said what her lips could not utter.

"How strange!" she said. "I was just thinking of you."

He longed to tell her that there was no moment, night or day, in which he was not thinking of her, but he restrained himself.

He was there to say good-bye.

He might wait a few moments.

He was on the brink; let him pause there, let him stand by in silence for the last time and watch the waves breaking on the sands.

"I was thinking of you," repeated Hettie. "I knew that you would come."

"I have a motive in coming," he said. "I will tell you presently what it is. Let us watch the setting of the sun together."

He knew that the sun of life would set with it; he felt somewhat like a soldier who, condemned to be shot for some act of insubordination, stands by the side of his own open grave.

"When the sun has set, I shall have told her, and I shall have gone too," he said to himself.

He bent his pale troubled face over the glossy ivy.

Hettie looked more fair and seraphic than ever, feeling sure that he had come to tell her that he loved her—she had seen it in his face on the previous night.

She folded her white hands, and they stood side by side in perfect silence while the sun set.

As it seemed to touch the water's edge, the clouds turned crimson.

The change was so quick and so marvellous, it was as though the restless heaving sea was suddenly covered with flame.

"Look," cried Hettie—"how beautiful!" For with the rose-lights came shadows of the richest purple.

The sun seemed to sink in the water; the day was dead.

Sir Basil turned to her, wondering in his own misery at the light on her fair face.

"I came to tell you something, Miss Ray," he said. "I know it will interest you. I am going away."

He purposely avoided looking at her.

If he had seen the sudden change in her face, the deep anguish, he would not have gone at all.

She made him no answer, for the simple reason that her lips had suddenly grown mute.

"I have business that compels me to leave," he said, "and I came to say good-bye to-night."

The western wind seemed to grow chill. Hettie's heart was heavy with pain and fear.

He had been so much to her, and her life was so cheerless.

She thought of the happiness that had been hers so short a time, and then, with a passionate burst of tears, she cried—

"Do not go away!"

"I must," he said briefly. "There is no choice left to me. I must go."

He saw the fair head bent until it rested on the ivy-leaves.

He was only human, and he could bear no more.

He drew closer to her.

"Hettie," he said—"let me call you Hettie for the first and last time—tell me, why do you shed these tears? Are they for me?"

"I am very sorry you are going," she sobbed.

"Are you really so grieved as this?" he asked. "Oh, Hettie, can it be true? What am I to you? Why should you care?"

"It is quite true that you are nothing to me; but you have been kind to me, and my life is so lonely."

His heart beat fast with the greatness of his temptation.

It was stirred to its very depths by her fair loveliness, her love, and her bitter tears. He constrained himself with a desperate effort—"Death before dishonor!" Great drops stood upon his brow and his limbs trembled.

The mad thought came into his mind, if but for once he might take in his arms, kiss her face, and die!

"I am glad to have been able in some small way to comfort you, Hettie," he said; but the restraint he placed upon himself was so great that his voice sounded stern, and even harsh.

"Perhaps," she said, looking up at him through her tears, "you will come again? You have been interested in my poor father. You have enjoyed your visits to our home. You seem to have an enforced occupation, and to be able to please yourself. You will come again?"

He could hear how her breath caught at every word.

There was nothing for it but to tell the truth, and then she would see that he must go.

The autumn wind moaned; all the light had gone with the sun; a gray shade had crept over the sea; the waves rose and fell with a mournful wail which was the forerunner of a storm.

"Hettie, I will tell you the truth," he said.

"Strange that there should be a scene like this between us—who were strangers some weeks since—and you do not even know my name!"

"No," she said; "I have never heard it.

"My father always calls you Glen. It is singular, but in that first hour that we talked together I felt as though I had known and trusted you all my life."

"I need never tell you my name, Hettie.

"We must part to-night, and we must never meet again.

"Do not cry, dear.

"It is harder for me than for you."

She clung to his arm, still weeping.

He felt the quick beating of her heart, and he stopped yet another minute before he said the fatal words which must part them for ever.

He felt in that moment that, if this grief of hers were caused by him, he deserved any punishment.

"Hettie, listen to me, dear.

"How we have drifted into this matters but little, whether I have been blind or careless matters less; the fault must be mine.

"I ought to have resisted the first temptation.

"After I had seen you that first time in church, I ought never to have seen you again.

"My sense, my honor, my conscience, tell me so."

"But why?" she cried in amazement. "I do not understand you.

"Tell me why."

"Because I am engaged to be married, because I am bound by the most solemn pledge! and, because of this promise, I must go."

"Why," she said in a faint low voice—"why must you go?

"If it be some one who loves you, and some one whom you love very much, surely she would be kind, and let you stay, at least, while my father is so ill.

"If he were well, it would all be different."

"Hettie," he said, "I will trust you as I have never trusted even my own heart yet.

"I will say to you what I have never admitted even to my own thoughts.

"I—ah, how shall I tell you? My engagement was less my own voluntary seeking than the consequence of circumstances.

"I can never explain.

"I did not understand the nature of the power of love—I know nothing of it; but she whom I am to marry loves me.

"Every arrangement is made for our marriage; and—oh, Hettie, listen to me!—she loves me, and, if we were parted, she would die.

"She could not grieve over it and recover; she would die.

"I must marry her; I am bound in honor and in conscience.

"And let me tell you my folly. I have learned to love you.

"I do love you.

"I may say it for the first and last time in my life.

"I love you with the whole love of my life, with the one love of my manhood. I may live many years, but I shall never love any other woman.

"If Heaven helps me, I do my duty; but my happiness dies in the hour I leave you. Now you see that I must go."

Her head drooped until it lay upon his shoulder, and she whispered something there—words that were both life and death to him.

"Yes, you must go," she said; "I see it plainly.

"There is no help for it; you must go."

He wished that he were lying under the gray water, dead; the pain seemed greater than he could bear.

Then her soft whispered words came to him again.

"It will be the one dream, the one memory of my life," she said.

"On the shore of this sweet southern sea I have lived and died.

"Do many people throw away their lives like this?"

"I cannot tell," he replied drearly, "nor can I tell why Fate has treated us so cruelly.

"If I had been free when I met you, Hettie, you are the one woman in the world I should have chosen to be my wife."

"And I," she said, in a voice sweeter than the cooing of a dove—"I should have loved you."

"It seems to me," went on Sir Basil, "as though we stood on either side of an open grave.

"That which divides us is deeper than a grave," she said, with a slight shudder. "I shall never hear the sound of the waves again without thinking of this."

"Nor shall I. A man should be ashamed to confess cowardice; but I own to you, Hettie, I hardly know how to take up the burden of life again."

The sweet whispered words gave him strength.

"We shall pass out of each other's life," she said. "Even that will be better than meeting always to suffer pain. After to-night, we shall see each other no more."

"It seems hard," he cried bitterly, setting his teeth with the air of a desperate man, "though it is better for you and better for me that it should be so."

Then, as he was leaving her for ever, the temptation became too great.

He clasped his arms round her and gathered her to his heart.

Once, twice, thrice he kissed her pale sweet face, as one kisses the face of the best-beloved before the coffin-lid is closed. In silence then he put her away from him; in silence she sat where he had left her; and he went away over the great hill, which rose like a huge barrier between himself and that which was dearest to him on earth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—[CONTINUED.]

AH, hem!" said he; "will you favor me with your name?"

"My name is entirely unknown to fame, sir," she replied.

"It is Barbara Graham; and I should mention that I have never written before; it is my first essay."

He contracted his brows once more, and coughed a sort of doubting, constrained cough.

"Do you know our periodical?" he asked; "I mean, are you a constant reader?" "I am, sir," she replied.

"Then you have some idea of the kind of contributions we want," said he.

"What is the character of your story?"

"You can determine that best, sir, from a perusal," replied Barbara.

"If it should suit you, I should wish to become a regular contributor."

A gleam of sunshine strayed over the editor's countenance, and he answered with more graciousness than before.

"If your tale is up to our mark, we shall be happy to receive other contributions," said he.

"May I ask, sir, what are your terms?" said Barbara.

"We seldom pay new writers," he replied, "therefore I cannot enter on the subject of payment.

"After a certain period we may perhaps make another arrangement, if your contributions warrant remuneration; that is, if it is not your wish to write only for fame," he added.

"May I ask, sir, what you suppose induced me to write?" she asked.

"Why, as I said, desire for fame, the pleasure of seeing yourself in print, he replied.

"There are hundreds who would be delighted with such a chance as we give to young beginners."

"Possibly," said Barbara, rising; "but I am a poor, sir, and I write to assist in maintaining myself."

"Are you dependent solely on your exertions?" he asked.

"Entirely, sir," she replied.

"I am sorry, very sorry," he said, in a softer tone.

"You look so young, that I presumed you were one of the numerous class of amateurs who, I may say, really pester us with more gratuitous contributions than we can possibly look over.

"And our staff of paid contributors is so full, and the public look so much to a name that in many cases we are compelled to appear harsh and unfeeling."

The tears sprang to Barbara's eyes at the first words of truly earnest, half-anxious sympathy—tears that had been dried and crushed back by the cold harshness of her first reception.

He saw the repressed emotion, and he saw, too, the intellectual expression of each striking and irregular feature, and motioned her to resume her seat, and again glanced his eyes over the elegantly-written manuscript, that betrayed, in the ease and neatness of its getting up, the amateur inexperience of its author.

One or two pages here and there seemed to arrest his attention, and his brow relaxed its former critical harshness as he read.

Barbara saw all this; but her hopes had been too rudely crushed to revive quickly, even under such encouragement, and it was with a proud rather than hopeful air, that she waited for the termination of the editorial glance.

At last he looked up from the scrutiny he had been rapidly making.

"As I told you, Miss Graham," he said, in a measured, cautious tone, "we are not in the habit of paying new contributors; indeed it would be ruinous to attempt it.

"Still, I will myself read this tale of yours which I candidly tell you does seem somewhat out of the common run; and if we can make it worth our while to make an exception in your favor, we may perhaps do so, on the condition that you say nothing about it.

"It must not be known beyond ourselves remember."

"I am not likely to speak publicly of my own affairs or yours, sir," said Barbara, bowing; "nor should I wish my name to be known, if I write for the magazine.

"If you should like the tale and decide upon paying for it, I will readily attend to any directions you may give for the future; but as a strictly anonymous contributor, at any rate, for the present.

"May I call again, or will you write to me?"

"We will not trouble to call again," he replied.

"We will write if you will leave your address."

Barbara gave the number of her landlord's house in Soho, and rose once more to leave the office; as she did so, the eyes of the editor followed her with a thoughtful gaze.

"She is no common girl," he muttered, "no common girl.

"It may be a hit for us, after all."

CHAPTER XXV.

MISS GRAHAM, my mistress is gone out, but she has left this note for you," said Mrs. Vere's servant, as he opened the door for Barbara some days after her interview with the editor.

Barbara stepped into the breakfast-room, and opened the note with a sort of languid expectation, that it would contain some slight excuse for the breach of an early appointment, and commands for some subsequent day.

But her young face grew pale and half terrified as she read these few brief but momentous lines:

"Mrs. Vere is extremely sorry to suspend, if not altogether to dispense with Miss Graham's services; but her own engagements are about to become so numerous, that it would be perfectly useless for her to retain Miss Graham in her employ even till her departure from London, which will probably take place before many weeks, or even sooner.

"She believes that three weeks' salary are due to Miss Graham, which, with a month's notice, will amount to thirty-five dollars, which Mrs. Vere has ordered to be paid her by her butler."

The letter dropped from poor Barbara's hand in utter dismay.

So abrupt a dismissal, without one promise of reference, one word of hope for the future, was altogether stunning to the friendless girl.

Madame Wagner might not be induced to recommend her a second time, unless with a better reference than she had already to give, even were any situation open for her.

Barbara knew that, with all Mrs. Sewell's generous kindness, it was quite out of her power to assist her with any justice to herself or her husband.

Indeed, the young orphan had discovered that the worthy couple had recently sustained losses which were of more serious consequence to them than they had permitted her at first to imagine, and therefore to remain even a week without being able to pay her rent was out of the question.

Mrs. Vere had required her protegee to dress with more pretension than the small salary could have possibly warranted her to expect.

Barbara's utmost economy had not enabled her to save a cent; indeed, about one-half of the miserable pittance thus rudely sent her was already forestalled by necessary debts.

All these horrors rushed on poor Barbara's mind in the few minutes she remained, staring hopelessly at the gracefully-written but cruel lines, before the pompous butler entered the room.

"I have some money to give you from my mistress," he said, consequentially displaying a well-filled note-case.

"Will you write a receipt for thirty-five dollars, if you please?

"Have you got a stamp?

"Very well, if you have a penny, I can give you one.

"I daresay you are not much used to receiving money, and don't keep such things."

The man's insolence recalled Barbara to herself.

She quietly took the pen offered her, and wrote a receipt in her bold yet elegant handwriting, affixed the stamp, and throwing the required penny on the table, drew her cloak round her and left the room without a word.

"Hem! she's a proud one, that's certain," muttered the man, angrily.

"If ever I've the chance, I'll teach her the use of civility to folks as good as she is, and better too."

About half an hour afterwards a sharp, quick knock, which the practiced ear of the butler decided at once to be that of a gentleman, summoned him from his comfortable perusal of the day's *Times* over a bottle of port.

The footman had accompanied his mistress, and the porter had taken a brief holiday for a few hours, so there was no alternative but to sacrifice his dignity and his comfort, answer the door.

It was, as the butler had sagaciously divined, a gentleman par excellence—young, handsome, and high-bred, who stood on the step, and the sagacious Mr. Timbs inwardly wondered that he had never seen so distinguished an acquaintance of his mistress before, to the best of his remembrance.

But it was not the usual "Is Mrs. Vere at home?" that were the stranger's first words.

The inquiry was a more unexpected one.

"I think," said he, "a young lady of the name of Graham is frequently here.

"Does she happen to be at your house just now?"

"The young person that used to come here, sir, has left," replied the butler, looking loftily contemptuous.

"She did not give satisfaction, I believe, and my mistress has dismissed her."

"Can you give me her address?" was the next inquiry.

"Can't say, sir, where she lived," was the reply.

"I never trouble myself about the folks my mistress employs in that way."

"Perhaps Mrs. Vere could oblige me," said the gentleman.

"Will you take in my card, and say that it would be a great favor if she could oblige me with Miss Graham's address?"

The man glanced at the card, and his manner became somewhat more respectful though he persisted in his original determination.

"My mistress is not at home, sir, and I really don't think she could answer your inquiry; for the young woman used to come every day, till she was dismissed, and I doubt if my mistress ever cared to know where she lived.

"Indeed, Mrs. Vere is too much annoyed, sir, to wish to be troubled about her.

"Still, I'll take your card, if you like, sir, and tell her when she comes home, and send a man on to you this evening, sir."

Sir Ernest Forbes hesitated for a few minutes; then the wish to trace out and satisfy his lingering doubt as to the absent Barbara, prevailed over his dislike to the pompous official.

"I shall be obliged to you," he replied. "I shall leave town to-morrow evening, and should wish to know to-night, if possible."

Mr. Timbs bowed respectfully; but the door no sooner closed than he quietly proceeded to indite a few lines, by way of dismissing all further care in the business, expressive of his (J. Timbs') "duty, and was sorry that no trace of the young person's address could be found in the house, and he fancied she did not wish it known."

Sir Ernest received the note with a sigh of regret.

All lingering doubt appeared now to be removed, and he set off on his return to Scotland on the following day, resolved to forget the haunting image of the orphan, and push his already half-formed engagement with his beautiful cousin; and yet there was something in the brilliant eyes, the clear glance, the low expressive tones, that were so vividly remembered, which forbade his yielding even now full credence to the suspicious circumstances that surrounded the disappearance of Barbara Graham.

Little did the poor orphan dream of the injury thus wrought her by her unconscious enemy, as she sat in her lonely room, revolving her future prospects and plans.

She calculated that in a fortnight destitution would stare her in the face: she also calculated that she must leave her present shelter, and go forth in the wide world once more, a far more desolate and hopeless refugee than when she had left her old home under the kind Susan's wing some months before.

It was a dreary prospect, without friends or money, or chance of employment, to go out alone into a world she had found so unjust, so cold; but Barbara's brave spirit never hesitated-or quailed.

She felt that it would be a burden which could ill be sustained by her kindly hosts, were she to remain with them without the means of remunerating them for the shelter they afforded, and, with a pardonable deception, she resolved to leave them on some other pretext than the one she knew they would resolutely refuse to admit.

"It is better so," she thought.

"At least, I can prevent others from suffering with me; and it matters little what becomes of one so deserted, so lonely as I am."

The tears fell from her eyes as she thought thus, in a sort of self-pity.

"Oh mother, mother! why could you not take me with you?" she exclaimed, passionately.

"You little dreamed of your child's dreary life when you pressed your last kiss on her lips, and bade her cherish and foster the Lily whom even then, even to a mother's love, seemed more deserving of pity, care, and love, than the unattractive Barbara.

"Even she, the cherished, the happy, the admired and beloved, cannot spare one rose from her flowery path, one ray of her bright sunshine to cheer my lonely way. And he, the noble, good, and kind—he will despise and forget me now; no one can care for or pity poor Barbara."

Poor girl!

Her eyes wandered round the dimly-lighted room, and her thoughts went back to the scene of brilliancy and joy, when Ernest's look and voice spoke even more than words to her young heart, and she wondered whether such brief joy had been but a happy, illusive dream.

A light, quick, well-known knock at the door of her room was followed by the appearance of Mrs. Sewell with the tea-tray in her hand.

"Come, Miss Barbara, dear," she said; "why, it's getting quite dark, and I have been waiting for you to ring for your tea; and there, I've got another present for you besides; but I won't give it to you yet; you young folks like anything better than their food, many a time."

Poor Barbara!

The good creature's gushing kindness was unknowingly, the greatest cruelty that could have shown to her at that especial moment.

But it would have been a selfishness foreign to her nature to pain the kindly heart by refusing the food she had prepared for her, and she tried to smile as she partook of it, in spite of the choking in her throat that threatened every moment to break out into hysterical sobs.

"And now," said Mrs. Sewell, when Barbara finished, "I've got something that'll please you, I think," at the same time drawing from her pocket a letter, which she delivered with a triumphant smile to her young favorite.

Barbara eagerly took the missive, her heart bounding at the thought that it was the expected answer from the editor.

Perhaps there was even yet some gleam of sunshine in her darkness.

But her hopes were vain.

It was not the editor's handwriting, but Susan's, while the Scotch postmark showed that the family were still residing near Ernest Forbes.

It was foolish, even wrong perhaps, but Barbara held the letter in her hand without venturing to open it, while an expression of disappointment passed over her face.

Mrs. Sewell's crestfallen look recalled her to herself.

"Dear Mrs. Sewell, don't fancy I am not pleased," she said, apologetically, "but the truth is, I thought it was a letter on important business.

"But I am delighted to hear from Susan, and you shall know all the news I can give you when I have read it."

Mrs. Sewell took the hint and withdrew, leaving the girl in peace and solitude once more.

Peace!

Barbara felt that there would be peace in the grave, but not until her young head was laid in that last resting-place could she hope for that blessing.

A few moments elapsed, and then the letter was torn open, and she began to read.

It was the type of its class in style and mode of expression, though every simple word breathed the honest affection and kindly interest that absence only seemed to strengthen.

Kindly wishes, thoughtful inquiries, made up the first page, and then came the real tidings, the chief interest of that memorable letter, Pauline's marriage.

Barbara read the letter to the end, and then folded it up, and sat pale and cold, with her eyes fixed hopelessly on vacancy, all dry and tearless.

It was vain to tell herself that the tidings were only what she knew must come; vain to loathe involuntary selfishness that could feel a pang at the bright fate of those two lovely and loving beings in comparison with her own dreary, destitute misery.

Barbara was a brave, high-souled, and proud woman; and it was not in woman, not in human nature, to be insensible to the deep gloom that showed even darker and more terrible from the contrast with the brilliant sunshine that surrounded the fair young creatures with whom she was contemporary in age, equal in birth, and, as she could not but know, superior in talent, courage, and endurance.

Was she blameable, or at least unpardonable, if dark and murmuring and rebellious thoughts overwhelmed her in that most trying hour—if she could scarcely keep her faith in him who doeth all things well, or realise His justice and His unceasing love and wisdom to all His creatures?

"Father, have mercy, let me not be wicked as well as most wretched!" she exclaimed, sinking on her knees, as the dark, unwelcome thoughts and sinful feelings of envy and repining passed through her overtried heart. "Teach me to submit; sustain, support me; and oh, in mercy take me to Thyself from this world, where I seem to have no rightful place, no home, no friend!"

Poor child! poor Barbara! they were piteous words that gushed from the fulness of her heart; and when prayer from the heart ascends on high, it is never without answer, without relief.

Almost without her own knowledge, as if the merciful love she wished had brought them to her mind, she found herself murmuring the words, "Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you!"

Warm, and real, and vivid those familiar words came to her mind, like the promised sympathy and help of a friend, and the tempest in her heart was calmed; and the worst, most agonizing torture of all, that of evil and unhallowed passions, was gradually soothed and healed during that long, silent, yet heartfelt earnest prayer.

Barbara scarcely knew how long that silent, earnest struggle with herself had lasted, when she at length rose from her knees; but when her eyes accidentally fell on the mirror before her, she almost started at the change in her appearance.

Her face was wan and pale, as if just recovering from a severe and prolonged illness; her eyes looked unnaturally large and bright from the dark circles round, and her lips were colorless and parched from the feverish pain that still lay over the now sunk and heavily beating heart.

Still, that the victory had been fought and won was evident.

There was a lofty, noble, earnest calm in her eyes, a sad sweetness round her mouth, that told of resignation, of self-conquest, of conscious rectitude in heart, and unselfish sympathy with the happy as well as with the wretched.

The body might sink under the fierce strife, the crushing trial; but the noble pure spirit was at least at peace with itself.

The chimes of St. Ann's had rung a quarter to ten, when Barbara at last summoned

courage to perform her promise to her good landlady, and recall her to the room for the delicious treat of a "dish of news."

But she had scarcely touched the bell-handle, when the door opened, and the good woman again appeared, with a sufficient apology for her near proximity to the door, in the shape of another letter for the lonely orphan—a new event indeed in Barbara's life to have two epistles in one day.

There was no mistake now.

It was the editor's official seal; and Barbara's fingers trembled as she broke it, and began to read:

"The editor presents his compliments to Miss Graham, and begs to inform her that he has read the MS. she did him the favor of leaving with him. He acknowledges that it possesses much merit, though it has the faults that necessarily accompany a first and evidently unassisted production; and he is unwilling, under the circumstances, to decline or discourage the efforts of a lady who evidently possess talent for much better things. But the proprietors have made the rules as to first contributions too stringent to be broken, and therefore the best terms that the editor can offer to Miss Graham are the following:—The tale now sent to be inserted promptly, without payment; but should it be as successful as it certainly deserves, an arrangement to be entered into with Miss Graham for regular and sufficiently remunerative contributions. Miss Graham will be so good as to signify, either personally or in writing, her acceptance of these terms or otherwise, and proofs will be sent for her correction with as little delay as possible."

A gleam of pleasure darted across Barbara's pale features as she read the note.

Perhaps the only possible interest of which she could have been susceptible at that minute was the prospect of the sole career that would occupy and elevate her mind being opened to her.

Fame, literary success, never yet filled up a true woman's heart, nor compensated for the absence, the crushing disappointment of dearer, softer, sweeter joys and affections; but to the lonely there is some comfort in the companionship with unborn thousands, in the vent for even the hidden sorrows of the soul which authorship permits; and even a sweeter and more seducing idea mingled with the more selfish portion of Barbara's anticipations.

Perhaps Sidney Ashley might one day read and praise her works, might recognize some of the sentiments and ideas that had been discussed between them in that brief intercourse, might confess that the object of his generous care and kindness was not unworthy either in mind or heart of his sympathy and regard.

Swift as thought all these hopes and anticipations rushed on Barbara's mind as she laid down the editor's letter, and before it was returned to its envelope her decision was made.

No fear of treachery or bad faith unsettled the young girl's mind as she hastily wrote her acceptance of the terms.

The letter appeared to her too frank, too explicit, too straightforward for such unworthy deception.

The only doubt was of the success of her own production, and an irresistible and well-justified consciousness of its deserts made her indulge the sanguine hopes of a youthful tyro in such matters.

She had yet to learn how many undercurrents influence the breath of fame, how the best and most talented productions may fall from simple distastefulness to the readers they may find, and from the slowness of the public to discover and acknowledge merit when not guided in its recognition by a name.

It is not the fault of either writers or readers, but an inevitable law of supply and demand that makes even real genius so doubtful in its outset, perhaps in its whole career.

The important letter was written and despatched; and Barbara prepared to seek the couch she yet dreaded as too probable place of unrest and sick misery of heart.

It is the worst and most fearful trial to the wretched, the long hours of the silent darkness, when the solitude and suspense seem too intolerable for endurance as the time wanes slowly on till morning dawn, and Barbara saw and dreaded its coming. But the exhaustion which the mingled emotions of that day had brought happily prevailed over mental sorrows, and Barbara slept soundly till the morning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"A GENTLEMAN wishes to see you, Miss Barbara."

The girl flushed crimson.

One name alone occurred to her as likely to seek her in her solitary home, albeit it was for her no longer a home unknown and precarious.

It was about two months after the appearance of her first novel, and the obscure, unknown, unpatronized girl was already struggling on the first steps of the ladder of fame.

Young and old, men and women, were struck with the simplicity, the fascination, and the power of the nameless author's writing.

The circulation of the magazine went up rapidly, as the story went on.

Thus the weeks went on, till the fast increasing tide of popularity brought the proprietors of the periodical to this determination.

They sent for the youthful authoress, and in kind, though cautious terms, expressed their opinion that her style would probably suit their readers; that, in fact, her tale had met with general approval, which warranted them in presenting her with a cheque for one hundred dollars, in lieu of the terms on which they had accepted it; and finally, that they had much pleasure in offering her a permanent engagement for the future, at least, for so long a time as she should continue to deserve the patronage thus afforded her.

Certainly this kind announcement was made in somewhat pompous and measured words; but still it was kind in itself, and to the destitute, unfriended orphan, was absolutely overwhelming from its unexpected relief to her distressing fears.

She had scarcely realized the extent of the horrors she had thus escaped, till conscious that they were no longer to be dreaded, and the lightening of that heart, for the first time, betrayed the weight of the burden that had oppressed it.

"Then you will feel satisfied, and willing to enter into the terms we propose?" said the manager, watching with a covert smile the sudden blaze in the eyes that had struck him, as they did all who saw them, with singular attraction.

Barbara's native pride prevented any great demonstration to a stranger, and she was beginning to appreciate the world too well not to comprehend that there is generally full value demanded and received for every favor.

She bowed her head with with a graceful yet respectful dignity, and simply replied—

"I am perfectly satisfied, sir."

"And of course," said he, "we shall depend on you being punctual, and on your entire good faith in reserving your contributions for us alone.

"I hope it is unnecessary to assure you of that, sir," was the reply.

"Then, Miss Graham," said he, "we shall consider the engagement concluded, subject to further modifications on either side.

"You will receive fifteen dollars a week, and we expect for that sum the entire command of your pen."

The manager now rose; and Barbara, taking the hint, rose to take leave.

From that day a calm and satisfied spirit had replaced her sad repining mood.

She felt that she had some work in life, some place in the world's workers, and that her power had been given to her for a nobler purpose than the mere ornament of such a smooth lot as Lillian's, or that of the beautiful and capricious trifler, Pauline Forbes.

There was something elevating and soothing in the full play of the intellect that God had given her, which shed a subdued and chastened calm over her troubled heart: and though the deep wound that had crushed her to the quick was still unhealed, she felt that its bitterness was removed.

There was a noble look in Barbara's intellectual and expressive face, that was worth a world of mere physical beauty: and though her cheek was paler than usual, yet those who had seen her a few short months since would have expressed admiring surprise at the improvement in her look and mien.

The sense of dependance, the depressing influence of haughty and capricious oppression, was gone; and her natural, high-bred grace and dignity now asserted itself in her free, unfettered carriage.

And thus she looked, as she bent over her desk, in the usual employment of her days, when the announcement which began this chapter brought a rich glow to her cheek.

"What name did he give?" she asked, hurriedly.

"He said he was an old friend, Miss Barbara, and that he must see you; and here he comes, miss," said the servant.

A quick, firm step was heard on the stairs; Barbara's heart beat quickly as the door opened, and Sidney Ashley stood before her.

Barbara involuntarily gave a little cry of half-pleased, half-agitated surprise, and then, as she saw the kind, grave smile on Ashley's noble features, and the keen look that seemed to read her heart, she sprang forward and took his outstretched hand in both hers.

"Proud, naughty truant!" he said, in his low, musical tones.

"I am come to scold you, and to bring you back to your home, your friends."

She shook her head.

The proud, independent spirit was roused within her.

"I cannot," she said; "I have no home, no friends."

"I will not accuse you of ingratitude," he smiled, half bitterly.

"I confess that you have been sorely tried, and have borne the ordeal bravely, but, Barbara, I at least can claim some slight confidence from you.

"I have never betrayed you."

"I know it," she said, "and I am grateful; but all the kindness I now ask or need is, to be left in peace."

"And you prefer solitude," he said: "you are sufficient in yourself; you can dispense with human affection, human sympathy, save what you claim in your writings.

"Child, I tell you, you are mistaken; you cannot do without it.

"I have tried for long years, and it is in vain."

Barbara gazed up in his face, and as she noted the stern sadness that marred its noble beauty, the words he had spoken on the day when he rescued her from her insulter, flashed upon her memory.

Was it the loss of a lover, a wife, that had darkened his life, that gave such austerity to his comparatively youthful face?

She gazed at him till she grew dizzy, and saw indistinctly.

"You cannot understand," she said, "you do not know.

"It is impossible I could do otherwise than I have done.

"Please do not try to shake my fortitude, my contentment."

"Barbara," said he, "I know, or at least I guess all, or nearly all, that drove you from your home.

"But there is another home opened to you, where you would be safe and happy. Come to me, child; my house and my heart are open to you."

The startled look, the vivid crimson that flushed over her face, brought a smile to his lips.

"Nay, my child," he continued, "I meant nothing that can alarm you, or that you cannot grant.

"I spoke as a father, or as an elder brother might speak.

"Perhaps, had I been wise in former years, it might have been different; but as it is, all else is impossible.

"You would have been a friend, a companion, as well as—— But, come.

"I did not mean to speak thus selfishly. My child listen to me."

In a few brief words he then told of his adoption of the friend of her childhood, the beautiful little Claudia—of his present intention to establish her and a chaperone in his ancestral home for a time, and his anxious wish that Barbara should come and share their home.

She listened with breathless interest to the romantic tale; and then she mused, with her eyes bent on her lap, as if deliberating on the story she had heard.

"You will come, Barbara?" said Sidney.

"I cannot," she replied.

"Why not?" he asked.

"For many reasons," she said.

"First, Claudia would not like it.

"It would be as an intruder, an interloper that I should come.

"I should only bring misery with me to her and to you."

"Go on," he said quietly, as she paused. "I should wish to hear all your reasons for refusing every wish of mine."

"Next," said Barbara, "I cannot give up my independence.

"I will never again be dependent on others while I have a head and hands to win my daily bread."

"Anything more?" he asked.

"Yes.

"I am too grave, too old to be a companion for your bright, beautiful Claudia," she said; "and she might feel jealously of those qualities that might make some sympathy between you and myself.

"You see, I speak truthfully.

"I do not depreciate myself so completely as you might suppose."

"Oh, you are proud enough, Heaven knows," he said, smilingly! "but will you tell me whether you have got to the end of your reasons, your repugnance to intercourse with your fellow-beings?"

She answered his smile.

There was something that cheered her in the tone of complete equality he assumed; it spoke more plainly than volumes of words his estimate of her intellect, her character.

"No, there are reasons that I cannot tell you, that you cannot even guess," she replied, turning her eyes gravely upon him.

"I can only find happiness in work.

"Leave me in my cell; I am not fit, as you say, for the society of civilized beings."

Sidney Ashley looked on her with the calm, grave dignity that so few could resist.

"Barbara," said he, you are wrong.

"I know all; at least I can guess all; and again I say, come home.

"I am not trifling, child.

"You can do me a service; you can inspire Claudia with your own noble spirit; you can perhaps teach her how to love me.

"Will you refuse?"

The girl's eyes were downcast.

There was a pathos, an indescribable sadness in the musical voice, that went to her heart.

By the strange sympathy that exists between kindred spirits and hearts feeling the same griefs, capable of the same aspirations she could understand and feel for all his bitter desolation, his cravings for love, his clear perception that Claudia could never be all he had labored to accomplish.

But then the sacrifice of independence, the fear of a renewal of the mortifications, the insults she had sustained, the certainty that Claudia would be scarcely more congenial to her than Pauline had been, that the same jealous pique, the same heart-burnings and contempt might be exhibited in the chosen bride of Sidney Ashley, as in the cousin of Ernest Forbes; these considerations weighed powerfully with her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOUS FREAK OF A BULLOCK.—Not long ago, as a number of bullocks were being driven through one of the large cities by a couple of drovers, one of the animals took it into his head to enter an auction mart. The long passage leading down the sale-room was barely wide enough for the fat bullock's body, each side being closely packed with glass, crockery, furniture, and other breakable. Had the animal turned round, great damage would have been done. At the end of the room stood a large pier-glass, in which the bullock surveyed himself for a few minutes. Meanwhile one of the drovers kept patting and stroking the animal, and the other removed many of the articles. When this had been done, the bullock was turned round, whereupon he walked leisurely out of the room and rejoined his companions in the street. This may be taken to be the latest version of the proverbial bull in a china-shop.

Scientific and Useful.

INSECT TRAPS.—Electric light has been found to be a very effective insect trap, and its eventual coming into use for this purpose in bug-infected gardens and orchards may be regarded as among the things that are possible.

FIREPROOFING FOR WOOD.—With three parts of alum and one part of green vitriol make a strong, hot solution with water; make another solution with green vitriol in which pipe-clay has been mixed to the consistence of a paint. Apply two coats of the first, dry, and then finish with one coat of the last.

ELECTRIC MUSIC.—An Antwerp firm has patented a means of automatically playing musical instruments by pneumatic and electro-magnetic appliances. The pneumatic arrangements are for sounding-reeds, and a sheet of card, perforated according to the tune, makes and breaks electric contact as it travels.

EXACT WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—The use of rock crystal for the production of normal weights and measures—balance-beams, scale-pans, thermometers, graduated disks of theodolites, etc., has been tested with great care, more particularly in Germany. The advantages of this substance over metal, for such instruments of precision obviously reside in its complete indifference, at ordinary temperatures, to the action of acids and bases, or the gases and moisture present in the atmosphere, which, to a greater or less degree, must in time affect the metals. For the production of standard weights in especial, this method has been regarded with particular favor—in fact, the weights made in this manner have received unqualified commendation from the most eminent scientific men in Europe and elsewhere, including some of the best known analysts.

LUMINOUS PAINT.—A very satisfactory luminous paint may be produced by taking a quantity of oyster-shells, cleaned from organic matter as thoroughly as possible, and burning them in a strong coal fire for about half an hour, then taking them out and allowing them to cool. When quite cold, they are to be pounded fine, removing during this operation any particles of gray matter that may show themselves. Of the finely-powdered substance a mixture is to be made intimately with flowers of sulphur, and this mixture introduced into a crucible—luting on a lid to the vessel with clay, or other convenient luting material. When this is dried, the crucible is placed in the fire and allowed to remain an hour, then removed, and opened after cooling. The mixture at this stage should appear pure white, and any gray particles that escaped attention previously are to be carefully removed. The resulting powder requires to be mixed with gum water to a thin paint, two thin applications being better than one thick one.

Farm and Garden.

HORSES AND CLOVER.—Horses slobber from eating clover. This is annoying, especially in the driving horse, but the remedy is very simple and easy at hand, consisting of a head of cabbage fed to the horse just before using him for work or driving. It is cheap and effective.

STACKING HAY.—One who claims to understand the stacking of grain and hay, says the secret of success is to tread down hard in the middle, keep it level with the outside, and not tread any there. When it settles it is the highest in the middle, and that is what is wanted. He makes all stacks low, so that one man can do the pitching easily; makes four close together; tops off with hay partly cured, and keeps it in place by wires weighted with blocks.

KICKING COWS.—Take a snap-ring, attach a half-inch cord about a dozen feet in length, put the snap in the kicker's nose, draw the cord around her, letting it rest on her gambrel joints, or below. Let a person stand at her shoulder and hold the cord just tight enough that it shall not slip down to the floor." Any one can then proceed to milk her without trouble. This course of treatment pursued for one week, it is said, has never failed to cure the most obstinate kicker, and without any struggles or harness.

LEMONS AND ORANGES.—Usually lemons and oranges are eight to twelve years from seed before bearing in the citron groves at the South. Plants kept in pots will bear much sooner than in the open, this is the result of the dwarfing they receive by confinement of the roots. Occasional pinchings of the young shoots while growing will tend to develop flower-buds. Eight years may probably be taken as the average time required for blooming these plants in pots with the care that they ordinarily receive.

STARTING OLEANDERS.—To start oleanders from slips get a glass fruit jar, sift nice, mellow earth in it till it is two or three inches deep, or till it touches the end of the slip; then pour water over it until it is full. Set it where it will not be necessary to move often. After the roots start, sift more earth over, fill again with water if needed, and so on till it is full and filled with roots; then carefully break the glass off and transplant to a pot, and you will have no trouble in starting it. Always put roses in sandy earth, letting the end touch the side of the pot. Put a lamp-chimney over it, and the chances for success are very good.

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(Lock Box 5.) 726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT 22, 1883.

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MARRIED LIFE.

That marriage, so fitted by nature to confer happiness on mankind, often turns out a lamentable failure—a huge mistake—need scarcely be stated; but marriage in itself contains all the elements to the securing of that quota of happiness allotted to mortals here below.

The change of manners which is often noticeable after wedlock, seems to be one of the causes of unhappy marriages. There is, and unquestionably ought to be, much greater freedom of manners between husband and wife than between two lovers; but as unquestionably there ought not to be an absence of respect for each other's feelings. The husband should show his respect for his wife's judgment and sympathy, by explaining to her, at least in outline, his business affairs or professional prospects. Nothing would wound a wife more than a carelessness, though it be only apparent, of her sympathy; and many a well-meaning husband, anxious to spare his wife annoyance, or it may be pain, will raise a feeling of distrust in her breast by hiding from her the cause of his irritability or pre-occupation. The wife, on her part, should lend interest and sympathy to the discussion, and never affect or show indifference.

Of stubbornness, standing on one's rights, and such like, nothing need be said. Their effect in every-day life will prove the evil consequences of their presence in a household.

How many an unseemly altercation would be avoided by one party being able to refrain from indulging in reproach, and calmly placing the affair in dispute in its true or best light before the other! Estrangements and distrusts might never arise could husband and wife form the habit of yielding cherished pleasures to the unexpressed wish of the other. The want of this self-discipline is the bitter cause of many a matrimonial separation.

Sympathy once broken, unlovable qualities are not slow in developing themselves. Cynicism is too often affected, and sneering indulged in, to belie the aching of the heart, and thus become apparently such prominent traits of character that belief in better qualities is well-nigh impossible, for it is much easier to believe in appearances than to arrive at a knowledge of the true motives of the actions of the others; if we are judged at our own showing, we have little reason to complain.

It is well for a young man to remember that after marriage he cannot retain the freedom of a bachelor with the benefits of a settled home. He has serious and responsible duties to perform; has to secure the comfort and well-being of the woman who has confided her happiness to his care, to seek her sympathy and confidence, to avoid neglect, or the seeming to prefer, much more the preferring, the company of others to hers; to contribute to her intellectual culture, to ease her burdens, and in all things to be her guide and support. He must bear in mind that the society of those who were his companions in youth and early manhood must now be enjoyed at his own home, and that the hunting for pleasure in his former haunts will leave a dearth of it at his own fireside.

Duties, professional or business gatherings, will call him away often enough, but of those absences no true wife will complain. Pleasure parties which are unsuitable for his wife are equally unsuited to him. In all things, though not in all places, she is his companion—the companion of his joys, of his sorrows, of his hopes, and of his fears.

SANCTUM CHAT.

FRACTIONS of a penny have never been paid by the Bank of England in distributing the dividends of the national debt, and the accumulations of the unpaid fractions amount to over $700,000.

—

IN Spain the old custom among the rural people is never to eat fruit out of doors without planting the seed. The roads are lined with trees, whose fruit is free to all. An old proverb is: "The man has not lived in vain who plants a good tree in the right place."

—

THE United States census of 1880 will cost $5,000,000. It was begun in 1879, and will not be finished until some time in 1888. The English census cost $142,000, and the work was begun and completed within twenty-four hours. Printed lists were left one night at every house in the Kingdom to be filled in by the residents, and gathered up the next night.

—

OFFICIAL statistics relating to the English army throw some light on a question that has of late excited a good deal of interest—that of the great proportion of youthful and raw recruits in the ranks. It appears that the proportion of men under twenty years of age in the ranks is 104 per 1,000, and that the great bulk of the men—that is, 620 per 1,000—are between the ages of 20 and 23.

—

ATTENTION has been lately called in France to the injurious effects on health that are apt to follow a residence near the common shade-tree known as the "button-ball" or "plane" tree. The fact has long been known that a stay near these trees is often followed by an irritation of the air passages, followed by a disagreeable and sometimes persistent cough. This is due to the fact, familiar to botanists, that the young shoots, leaves and stipules are covered with a thick, fine down, composed of minute-branched, rigid hairs, which fall off as these parts become older, and often float in the air in large quantities; it is the inhalation of this that causes the throat difficulties in question. Besides this it frequently causes annoyance to employes in nurseries where the tree is raised, unless suitable precautions are taken against it.

—

IN a recent speech in Congress a North Carolina member gave the following items from gleanings of the Census Bureau, etc.: Total working force of the country estimated at 15,000,000, divided thus: Engaged in agriculture, 7,050,000 (47 per cent.); in professional and personal service, 3,300,000 (22 per cent.); in manufacturing, mining and mechanical work, 3,300,000 (22 per cent.); in trade and transportation, 1,350,000, (9 per cent.)

—

ETIQUETTE in Germany forbids the carrying of parcels, no matter how small, by a gentleman. Under immense pressure of necessity a lady may take home in her own hands a small purchase, or carry a book or roll of music to the house of a friend. When a dressmaker comes to try on a little walking-jacket, a small boy must needs walk behind, bearing the garment on his arm. An officer cannot under any circumstances carry anything when in uniform.

—

A CHICAGO police justice fined a girl $5 for being alone in the street at 9 o'clock in the evening. She was on her way home from the store where she worked, and had deviated slightly from the straightest route in order to get air and exercise, when a policeman accosted her insultingly. She retorted saucily, and an arrest for spite followed. The magistrate said it was doubtless true that she was entirely respectable, but she deserved punishment for being out unattended after dark. Such justice!

—

AN ingenious scoundrel in Paris has been playing the singular role of an "honest robber," and made a comfortable living until a meddlesome policeman spoiled the business. It was his game to open carriage doors for ladies, and, as they stepped out, to possess himself of their purses and accessible jewelry, which he at once deposited at the nearest police station, subsequently accepting, with modesty, whatever reward their gratitude suggested. Finally, he was caught in the act of taking a watch into his temporary possession, and put where his honesty will go unrewarded.

—

THE great mortality resulting from the use of toy pistols by boys, last Fourth of July, has already led to prohibitive ordinances in about half the cities of the country. The following, first enacted by Boston, is the form usually followed: "No person shall sell to any child under the age of sixteen years, without the written consent of a parent or guardian of such child, any cartridge of fixed ammunition of which any fulminate is a component part, or any gun, pistol, or other mechanical contrivance arranged for the explosion of such cartridge, or of any fulminate." The penalty varies from a light fine to a heavy one, with imprisonment.

—

MORE than one thousand deaths are reported as having resulted last year from accidents in mines in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The average of such deaths during the last eight years is one to every four hundred and sixty-four persons employed. Fall of rock from the roofs, but more particularly from the sides of the workings, continue to be the most fruitful source of these disasters; and there seems the very best of reason to believe that a decidedly large proportion might be prevented by a sufficient provision of timber supports. And steps are being taken to remedy this defect.

—

THE usual practice of covering house walls with paper is pronounced by an English scientific writer to be objectionable in various respects—for, though convenient and pleasing, it is not conducive to health, this being due to the fact that the paper itself sometimes gives off deleterious particles, and the paste with which it is held to the walls undergoes organic decomposition in presence of damp. A great desideratum is a fabric that can be put up like paper, and that can be washed at any time and so completely purified. To realize this, it has been suggested that in some portions of a house ornamented tiles might be advantageously used; in other rooms an impermeable cement might be employed, and in others thin galvanized iron, the latter of which would prove exceedingly useful and durable. All walls which are porous and absorb vapor must be considered undesirable.

—

THE development of electric railways in Europe is considerable. Putting aside numerous lines that are merely projected, those which are working show a length of about one hundred miles. Those now in operation include one at Litchfelde, and that from the Spandauer Rock to Charlottenberg, near Berlin; another from Port Rush to Bush Mills, in the north of Ireland, and in Holland, from Zanvoort to Kostverloren. Among lines in construction the following are noted: In Austria, the Moedling line, near Vienna; in Germany, from Wiesbaden to Nurnberg, and from the royal lines of Saxony to Zankerode; in England, under the Thames, connecting Charing Cross and Waterloo Stations; also in South Wales, for which the force will be derived from fall of water. In Italy, Turin and Milan will soon begin the construction of electric roads.

—

PROFESSIONAL etiquette is strictly insisted on at the Belgian bar. At a recent session of the Appellate Court at Brussels a young advocate who was about to address the Judges was interrupted by the presiding magistrate with the remark that it was a violation of precedent and propriety for counsel to appear before the Court with a moustache. "I was under the impression," replied the advocate, "that my moustache was of such miscroscopic magnitude as not to attract the attention of the Court." "It is not a question of quantity," said the magistrate, "but of principle." Somewhat afraid of giving offence, and reluctant to have the interests of his client prejudiced, the young lawyer suggested an adjournment of the hearing to enable him to betake himself to a barber; but the magistrate replied that that was not necessary. His remarks were simply intended for consideration on future occasions.

—

WRITING from Constantinople, a newspaper correspondent says: "The Moslem fear of books follows a volume in all its peregrinations through the Empire. On its arrival from Europe the book is examined, and, if passed by the censors, duty is collected upon it. But every city has its book inspectors, and they all have the right to examine the book and decide anew whether it threatens the peace of the empire. Moreover, it often happens that a luckless wight, whose reading matter has been passed by a baker's dozen of book inspectors, finds his guide-books seized as he is leaving the country, for the Turkish principle is to destroy obnoxious works whenever they can lay hands on them. As to what is obnoxious—that adjective applies more than anything else to history. Next to history, anything written by a Christian that contains the word Mohammed, is abominable, and needs to be destroyed."

—

VARIOUS methods have been brought forward with a view to keep a moving railway train in direct communication with the stations along its route, both before and behind it. One of the most ingenious devices proposed for this purpose enables each freight or passenger train to have its own telegraph office. Two wires are required instead of one, and these are suspended directly over the track, and above the moving train; they are parallel, and about eighteen inches apart—one being connected with a battery at the station from which the train starts, and the other with a battery at the terminal station. They are so suspended that, by a special and novel arrangement, light-running wheels can move along them from one end of the road to the other, but are connected with wires which pass down through the roof of the car to the operating instrument, and through it complete the circuit. As the car moves, the wheels are drawn along on the wires just above it, and a constant current of electricity is maintained between the initial and terminal stations through the moving car.

HAVE HOPE.

BY F. RYAN.

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart the lowly plain,
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the mountain's head;
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the shadow of some pain,
And the smile has scarcely flitted ere the anguished tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear,
And those lips can not be human which have never heaved a sigh;
For without the dreary winter there has never been a year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest summer sky.

So this dreary life is passing, and we move amid its maze,
And we grope along together, half in darkness, half in light;
And our hearts are often hardened by the mysteries of our ways,
Which are never all in shadow, and are never wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek a meaning and the key;
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway,—on it hangs the Crucified,
And he answers all our yearnings by the whisper, "Follow Me."

Two Years.

BY C. J. R.

MATTIE ALBEE stood by the window, gazing at the beautiful landscape that spread out before her, but nature's beauty did not in the least claim her attention.

A sad, sorrowful light gleamed in the dark brown eyes making her more beautiful, if possible, than when happy emotions lighted her sweet face.

A little more than a year ago she was left an orphan, homeless, friendless, and almost hopeless.

Her youth and beauty, it seemed, would bar her from all honest occupation.

It was then that Arthur Neville found her and installed her in his home as governess to his young ward, Meta Neville, his dead brother's only child.

Since that time, Arthur had been so kind to her, and she had felt so happy and so much at home, until a few days prior to this time he laid his noble heart at her feet and plead for some return of his great, all absorbing love.

But she could not tell him a falsehood.

She merely respected him, and was grateful to him for the happiness he had brought into her life.

Not until she told him this did she understand the full extent of his love for her, for the pain he could not banish from his eyes told it plainer than a lover's rhapsodies could.

The same evening he was stricken down with a dangerous illness, and to-day she is sorrowfully asking herself if, by the refusal of his heart and hand, she had aided disease to prostrate this noble form, and thinking that she should have let gratitude for his kindness take the place of love.

The door opened and a servant entered, and addressed her respectfully, although his voice trembled with excitement and sorrow as he said—

"Master Arthur is dying, Miss Albee, and would like to see you if you will go."

Dying! and perhaps she had killed him, her kind benefactor.

"I will come immediately," she said, as soon as she could control her voice enough to gasp the words.

She found the physician bending over him, but he raised his head as she approached and addressed her in a subdued tone.

"Yes, Miss Albee, all has been done that can be done, and unless a miracle be performed, in two hours time he will be dead.

"He wished to see you.

"Shall I go?"

"Yes," said Arthur, feebly answering for her.

When they were left alone together, Mattie could no longer restrain her tears, and kneeling beside him she gave full vent to her emotion, and accused herself of having killed him.

"Don't, Mattie, don't! I am perfectly willing to die.

"I could not have lived long without you.

"Much less could I have called you wife, dear, as the title would have seemed to me, knowing all the while that you were pining for freedom.

"There is only one thing that troubles me as I see the King of Terrors approaching.

"Your future looks so uncertain.

"Tell me as you would a friend; what will you do?"

"Oh! I do not know!" wailed Mattie.

"Mattie, marry me now, and I can die contented knowing that you are provided for."

"Marry you on your death bed, and for money!

"Never, never!"

"But, Mattie, consider that you will make my dying hour my happiest one.

"Why should you shrink?

"A few short moments of bliss for me, the right to just once call you wife, and all is over, and you are free again!

"Oh! Mattie grant my dying request!

"Go think of it a few moments, and then return to me."

Mattie arose and stepped gently from the room.

Her brain seemed whirling.

Reaching her own room she knelt and tried to pray for guidance, and tried to think what she ought to do, but all power of reasoning seemed to have left her.

She thought once of dashing Captain Maynor whom she thought she had loved devotedly, but in this trying hour his image seemed to be slipping from her heart.

Little Meta stole silently in, and advancing, laid her hand on her governess shoulder.

"Please, Miss Albee, marry uncle Arthur!

"It will make him so happy.

"Then you will be my auntie, and I can stay with you always."

Mattie looked at the beautiful child, who, with upturned, tear-stained face, stood pleading for her uncle.

It seemed as though her prayer for guidance had been answered.

Stooping she kissed the child.

"I will," she said firmly, and waiting no longer, she led Meta back to her uncle.

"I will do as you wish," she said, as she bent over him and tenderly smoothed the pillows.

"God bless and reward you, my darling!"

A clergyman was soon ushered into the apartment, and in the presence of the servants, the physician and Meta, Arthur and Mattie were made man and wife.

Obeying an impulse, Mattie bent and pressed a kiss upon his brow.

Feebly throwing his arm about her neck he held her to him.

"My wife, my darling wife! Oh, I am so happy! I—am—dying."

His head dropped forward upon his breast, and his hand slipped from her shoulder.

"It has been too much for him.

"He has fainted.

"There is no danger just at present, and you may leave me alone with him, that is, unless Mrs. Neville insists upon remaining."

It was the physician who said this as he forced brandy between the closed lips.

All filed silently out of the chamber, a look of deep sorrow visible upon the countenance of every one, for Arthur Neville was a beloved master.

Left alone, Mattie again thought of what she had done.

Of course she expected Arthur would die, for Dr. Langdon had said that he must, but was she not now placed in a position where she must hope he would not live.

The thought was horrible, and she thrust it from her.

Slowly the sun neared the western horizon, and still no tidings from the sick room reached her, and at last she could bear the suspense no longer, and started, without a summons, to find the condition of the patient.

Dr. Langdon met her in the hall, with a beaming countenance.

"My dear Mrs. Neville, I congratulate you.

"You are not to be a widow as soon as I thought.

"You husband with care will live.

"It was that kiss you gave him that did it.

"He——"

The doctor stopped suddenly, for Mattie turned deathly pale, reeled, and would have fallen, had he not caught her in his arms, and borne her to a sofa, when again his skill was to be tested, for Mattie had swooned.

As he worked over her he muttered something about sudden revulsion of feeling, sudden change from despair to hope.

But at last she revived, and pale as a lily and trembling she sat up, and signified her intention of going to Arthur, which the doctor forbade, and ordered rest and quiet for her.

Three weeks passed away, and in that time Arthur Neville had slowly but surely made his way back from the very portals of an unknown world.

Mattie had faithfully watched and nursed him, but Arthur noticed that her sprightliness of manner was gone and he bitterly reproached himself for having made the life of her whom he loved better than aught else, a burden intolerable to her.

No word had passed between them in regard to the relation which they sustained to each other, but at last Arthur could endure it no longer, and one day when he was reclining in his invalid's chair he spoke to her of that which had not been absent from the minds of either for scarcely a minute.

"Mattie, you have cause to hate me, but as God is my Judge, I would rather have died a hundred deaths than to wrong you as I have done.

"I do not ask you to love me, for I know that would be impossible now, but I do ask you to forgive me if you can for spoiling your life.

"I never can forgive myself.

"You need not fear me, I will not oppress you with attention.

"You shall be as free as it is in my power to make you."

She bowed her head coolly, without answering, glad to have an understanding between them.

Time passed on, two years had been buried in the past, and still Arthur's and Mattie's lives drifted on in separate channels, though lived under the same roof.

Arthur was ever attentive to his wife's slightest wish, but he never had forced his society upon her, and had never spoken to her of love.

His passion, though it burned fiercely as ever, was safely locked within his bosom, there to stay unless she who had the power to command it, should bid it come forth.

To a casual observer Mattie's manner toward him would have seemed much the same as at first, but one with a critical eye would have noticed the flush and then sudden paling of her cheek as he appeared.

Could it mean love?

Yes, at last, his kind, considerate attention had won what she thought was gone from her before, the best and purest affection of her womanly heart.

Alas! she thought it too late to let him know the truth, believing her cold and indifferent manner had completely weaned his heart from hers.

To-night she stands before her mirror in her luxurious dressing-room, and gazes listlessly at her own lovely reflection.

She is attired for Madame Dexotel's ball, and a rich dress and ornaments are added to natures charms.

She turns impatiently away.

"Why should I care to look well, when my beauty will not reclaim the love I most prize," she murmured.

She threw a light scarf about her shoulders and went to the library to see if her husband was waiting for her.

He came forward, a commonplace remark on his tongue's end, but he could not utter it.

If he could not say what his heart felt, his lips would utter nothing, and because of suppressed emotion his face became a shade paler.

This Mattie was quick to detect, and she turned away, grieved that, as she imagined, her presence had become so hateful that her approach caused his cheeks to turn pale.

Had she known that his unavowed love for her beautiful self was the cause, her tender heart would have been spared the torture it was undergoing.

The carriage was soon announced, and they were soon mingling in the gay throng that had assembled at Madame Dexotel's call.

Arthur watched his wife's movements, and he could detect an underlying current of weariness and sadness, where others could see only lively happiness, and a resolve was taken.

He would go away, and unfettered by his presence she would be happier.

Soon after Mattie's marriage, Captain Maynor had gone away, and had been absent until quite lately.

To-night he was among the guests, and Mattie returned his greeting composedly, and wondered how she ever could have preferred him to her own noble, handsome husband.

Later on Mattie found herself alone with Captain Maynor in the conservatory.

"Mattie you are unhappy!

"Come to me and let me place you where you belong."

Her face was turned away, and he could not see the horror expressed in her eyes, and he went boldly on.

"What does this tie amount to that binds you to a man you do not love, and who almost forced you to take the vows that bind you to him."

She flashed her eyes, full of withering scorn, upon him.

"Stop!

"How dare you insult me thus!

"I do love my husband with my whole heart.

"Go!"

And Arthur Neville, searching for his wife, had entered the conservatory, and had heard all.

He longed to take Mattie in his arms and tell her how happy her words had made him, and to then and there avenge the insult offered her.

"But I must wait," though he, "for excitement cause her to utter those sweet words.

"They cannot be true."

It was early in the evening, but soon Mattie came and asked to be taken home.

In their own home, at the library door Mattie turned to say good-night, supposing he would enter.

"Mattie, may I see you a few moments in your own room?"

She looked up at him with pleased surprise as she assented.

As they entered the room, he led her to the window that look out upon the park which looked so cool and pretty in the bright moonlight.

"Mattie, I had thought of going away. To Europe perhaps."

He looked to see what effect his words had taken.

Her breath came in quick gasps, and she clutched at the silken curtain to support herself.

Going away!

What could she do without him!

"But I heard something to-night that caused me to change my mind, that is, if it be true.

"I heard you say, 'I love my husband with my whole heart.'

"Oh! my darling, can it be that this boon that I have craved so long is at last to be granted!

"Does my great love at last meet some return;

"But," holding her off at arm's length, "answer me from your heart.

"Do you love me a little, my darling?"

"Not a little, but a great deal.

"It is true, I do love you with my whole heart," she murmured.

"My wife," was all he said, and the next instant her lovely head was pillowed on his breast.

"I believe I have loved you ever since the day you so generously freed me, as far as it was in your power.

"Since that time I have not cared for freedom, if it meant separation from you, but I thought you had ceased to care for me."

"Ceased to care for you!

"I hid my love fearing to disgust you.

"And now, my darling, we will be happy enough to make up for the two years of wedded happiness that we have lost."

A year later we enter the room where Arthur and Mattie are together bending over the crib in which their tiny baby boy lies, asleep, and from the happy light beaming from their eyes we know that now, their cup of joy is full.

Disenchanted.

BY LOLA GARRISON.

HUMPH!"

That was all the answer that Mr. Gregory Lisle made after Dunning had said his say—handsome Jack Dunning, with his five feet eleven of masculine symmetry.

The time was five o'clock of an August afternoon.

The place was Mr. Lisle's broad piazza, that looked out on the land below, and the Thames flashing by in the glorious sunshine.

And the *propria personæ* were these two gentlemen, Mr. Gregory Lisle, rich as Crœsus, independent as a man well could be, with a mind of his own, and opinions that were rather difficult to change—a bachelor of sixty, with a bald crown, and the bodily rotundity of an alderman.

And Mr. Jack Dunning, thirty, handsome as a young god, in excellent business, with plenty of good-nature and common sense.

And—very much in love with Eva Lissenden.

He had run down from business for a night, purposely to speak to Mr. Lisle about the matter, for Mr. Lisle was his chief, great friend, almost his godfather, who had been his father's friend before him, and his own counsellor and helper always.

And when Jack had told him he seriously contemplated marriage quite soon, Mr. Lisle had listened, and fidgeted, and frowned, and said in his most aggravating way—

"Humph!"

Jack laughed.

He could not help it.

"I would rather you reserve your decision until you have seen her, Mr. Lisle," he said.

"She's at Scarborough now, but she'll be home in a short time, and if you'll let me bring her——"

"No, I don't want you to bring her to see me.

"Of course you'd expect me to go into ecstasies over her and all that sort of thing, and—the chances are you'd be disappointed.

"I daresay you think the young lady perfection, but—I look upon the matter in a serious, unprejudiced light."

"And the only true way in which to regard the subject of marriage," Jack said promptly; "the same way that I regard it, and have always done.

"If you could only see her——"

Mr. Lisle lifted his shoulders in a comical shrug.

"No, I don't want to see her.

"Don't mention it again, Jack, I beg."

"Then let me describe her charming ——"

Mr. Lisle fell back into the depths of his wide bamboo chair, a look of despairing resignation on his face.

"Jack, you will have to answer for this.

"You are too cruel!

"Go on—go on and tell me all about her, everything!

"In your most impassioned strain.

"Go on, before my courage fails, and I refuse to listen.

"Begin with her midnight locks——

"All right, sir.

"I'll do the subject justice, never fear; although to correct you, her hair is not dark, by any means.

"Eva is very fair, with——"

"Yes, fair; in other words, her complexion is a delicious commingling of the purity of the snow-flake, and the rare flush of the peach that has been ripened in the sun!

"Oh, go on, do—I've heard all that before."

He was sitting with closed eyes, and a face like a martyr.

"You've just hit it.

"Add the loveliest violet eyes imaginable ——"

"The exact shade of the velvety petal of a pansy—oh, yes, I know," Mr. Lisle interpolated.

"Just so," went on Jack, good-humoredly.

"And rippling waving golden hair ——"

"'Sun-kissed,' why don't you call it, and soft as silk, and lustrous as burning gold?

"Isn't it?"

He suddenly looked quite glaringly at Jack.

"Of course it is," that gentleman responded eagerly.

"She is of medium height, modelled like a statue, with——"

Then Mr. Lisle sprung to his feet.

"Stow it, Jack, I can't stand any more of it!

"Marry her—marry her, if you want to, but, in the name of mercy, don't come to me next year this time, and curse the day

you ever saw such a piece of perfection.

"Look here, Jack——"

And the old gentleman laid his forefinger impressively on the palm of his hand, and looked solemnly up in Jack's face.

"Look here.

"I'll bet you anything you wish, that beneath all that prettiness there is something or other hidden that you haven't taken into consideration.

"She's a virago, or fast, or she bets or smokes, or——"

Then Jack's eyes flashed.

"That will do, Mr. Lisle.

"No one speaks scandalously of Miss Lassenden in my presence.

"Not even you, dear and valued friend though you are, are privileged to do it."

Their eyes met in a steady searching gaze.

Then the old gentleman's voice quivered a little.

"Do you care for her so much, my boy?"

"I love her better than all the world besides," he said quickly.

A short intense silence.

"I take it all back," Mr. Lisle said gently.

"I did not really believe you were so hard hit.

"Take me to see her, Jack; I actually want to see the girl who can influence you so.

"Make an engagement for us with her—say the first Tuesday evening in September.

"If I like her, I will give her a check for one hundred thousand dollars for her wedding present."

The first day of September, Monday, at one o'clock in the day, a lovely, lovely day, with a suspicion of autumn frosts in the air when one kept the shady side of Piccadilly.

It seemed to Mr. Lisle that London was the place of all places in which a gentleman from the country could become easily wearied and almost bewildered, and, what with the noise, the bustle, the crowds, the excitement, all so unusual to him in the beautiful country home he so rarely left, it was a delicious rest and relief for him to drop into the "Criterion," a spacious place with a bewildering array of gilding and greenery, and fountain playing, and silver shining, and the waiters livery adding to the tasteful gaiety of the scene.

He went in, a little stout, red-faced, bald-headed gentleman, in the hands of a waiter who assigned him to an empty table, and took his order, while Mr. Lisle, waiting for its not over-speedy delivery, leaned comfortably back and surveyed the premises, and—his neighbor—a tall, solemn-faced clerical-looking gentleman who was seemingly very much scandalized by the frivolous conduct of two young ladies at his table.

Very pretty girls, too—especially the taller of the two, who had the most bewitching blue eyes that ever stirred a man pulses, and a mouth all curved and Cupid-bowed and red as a rare-ripe cherry.

Her costume was matchlessly elegant, and conspicuous by its rich plainness—thickest, glossiest black satin, trimmed with sparkling jet, unrelieved from bonnet to foot by the slightest contrast of color, except the dead gold necklace and bracelets.

"A sherry cobbler," she ordered, to the waiter, and even Mr. Lisle gave a little start of unpleasant sensation at the carelessly masculine order from lips that should have asked for honey, or cream, or—anything dainty and rare.

"And be quick," her companion supplemented, imperiously, "and bring me a tumbleful of absinthe."

Mr. Lisle absolutely recoiled with a sort of horror.

"Great Heavens."

"Why don't they order cards and dice and make a time of it?

"Sherry cobbler and absinthe.

"And mere slips of girls.

"Well, well!"

"I hope we shan't miss the train," the lovely blue-eyed, satin-and-jet bedecked girl said.

"The races at Brighton begin in just two hours from now," she looked at the tiny watch hanging from her chatelaine, "and I wouldn't miss seeing Robin Hood run for anything."

"Robin Hood isn't the horse for me," the pretty little lady in bronze silk and heliotropes answered.

"I've bet a box of kids, sixes, open shades, with Macmax, on Daisy May, and a set of cream-colored laces with Sue Darling's handsome brother against a photograph of myself on Bonny Lassie.

"They're the horses, Eva."

"Eva, Eva!"

Mr. Lisle had heard that name before often enough.

Eva.

Eyes like a fairy, hair like golden glass.

Why—why?

Of course it could not be possible—as if there were not a hundred, a thousand blue-eyed, golden-headed Evas in the city.

"Don't be too sure," Eva laughed as the waiter brought back the liquor, and she inserted her straw daintily among the little crystal squares deep down in the glass and enjoyed it with the slow, deliberate enjoyment of a thoroughly appreciative connoisseur in such matters.

While the clerical-looking gentleman, with a parting look of horror and incredulity, went away.

"But I am sure of winning my bets," her friend answered.

"Even if my horses don't win the race I make the gentlemen pay."

Eva laughed—such a delicious thrill of melody.

"May you always be so fortunate!

"To change the subject, don't come near me with Macmax to-night, Claire.

"Jack will be there and bring his chief friend and counsellor—the rich old gentleman who is to give us a fortune if I suit his eccentricship.

"Jack just worships him, and I know I shall just—cut him after I've secured the money."

"So would I.

"Jack's a darling, for all he would be horrified if he thought you condescended to betting.

"But as for Jack's country friend, don't you allow any of them to counsel you, Eva Lissenden."

A-h!

And Mr. Lisle set his cup of chocolate down with a startled movement.

And then the two girls took their departure, and left the old gentleman to his thoughts.

* * * * * *

Several hours later, Jack Dunning ushered him into the Lissenden parlors, and with pardonable pride presented to him the lovely dainty girl, in a white dress and blue ribbons, with pink roses at her throat and in her wonderful golden hair.

"This is Eva, Mr. Lisle—my Eva—Miss Lissenden.

"Dear, you know who this valued friend of mine is."

She looked up—surely as fair a face as ever a lover kissed.

"I am glad to know Jack's friend," she said, as she extended her hand that Mr. Lisle refused.

"You will pardon me," he said coldly, "but when I recall the fact of having seen and heard you and your friend, Claire, in the 'Criterion' restaurant to-day between one and two o'clock discussing your bets on the races at Brighton, and sipping your sherry cobbler and absinthe, you will understand why I decline the questionable compliment of any further acquaintance. Jack you'll excuse me if you please."

It was certainly rather heroic treatment but—

Afterwards Jack was glad it happened as it did, for when the first sharp edge of disenchantment was gone, and he could reason about it, he knew that such a wife as fair Eva would have been his greatest grief.

While Eva herself!

Through the Twilight.

BY HAROLD I. ROSSITER.

LILY VENNOR was late home from her work on this particular night.

A dismal February night it was, with a grey fog above, through which the lamps shone like yellow dots of sickly flame.

But Lily was used to all sorts of weather.

Lily Vernon was a milliner.

All day long she sat, with seven and twenty other girls, in a long low-ceiled room on the upper floor of a monster building in one of the narrow streets of the West End, working until she vaguely wondered within herself if there were women enough in all the world to wear out the dresses she and her companions made.

It was hard work, and it was poorly paid; but Lily Vennor had known what it was to be without employment for weeks at a time, and she was thankful even for Mr. Morex's four shillings a day, with the stipulation that, in case of extra haste, an hour or so overtime should not be objected to.

The poor are generally worsted in their bargains, nor was our little heroine an exception to the rule.

But the work was over at last, and Lily was in the outer room, tying her curls under the brown felt hat, whose tasteful loops of ribbon had been sponged and turned so often, and folding her worn shawl across her shoulders.

And as she took up her dinner-basket, she heard the gay voice of Mary Reid, one of her fellow-workers, saying merrily—

"St. Vaventine's Eve!

"You don't mean that you have forgotten it, Ida?

"Why I expect a dozen valentines at least to-morrow."

Lily Vennor glanced up at Mary Reid as she spoke.

A dozen valentines?

Yes, there was every probability that she would receive as many as that.

She was a dark-eyed brilliant-complexioned young beauty, with a pretty Greek nose, a dimple on the left cheek, and teeth as white as sliced cocoanut.

She would be one to marry early, and escape from this bondage of toil and poverty; and for a moment Lily wished that she too were beautiful.

And then came a second thought.

St. Valentine's Eve—and she had promised Midge and Edith, the two little twin sisters at home, a valentine for this year, when Midge had submitted to the ordeal of vaccination, and Edith had been so docile at the task of learning to make stockings.

For Lily Vennor, girl though she was, had already been burdened with the cares of life.

Her father had married a second time, and lost his wife, leaving Lily at his own death with the charge of these two little ones, Edith and Margaret, commonly known as "Midge."

It was a hard, hard task, but Lily never quailed.

She had accepted it simply as she would have accepted any other decree of Providence, and the two little orphans had learned to love her with all their innocent hearts.

And now she paused in front of the brilliant show-windows, with her worn purse in her hand, trying to decide upon some particular style of valentine which would be pretty enough to suit the children, and which would not be too dear.

So she went into the shop, humbly awaiting her turn, and bought two six-penny valentines, which the clerk superciliously tossed toward her.

"I should like two postage stamps," said she meekly.

"Stamps!" echoed the clerk. "This ain't a post-office!"

Lily pointed to a printed placard in the window—"Stamps for Sale Here"—and the clerk, grumbling under his breath, gave her the two stamps.

The next morning however little Midge and Edith danced up and down with joy when the postman left the two valentines at their door.

"And here's a valentine for you, Lily," said Midge.

"Only the envelope hasn't got such pretty gilt roses on as mine and Edith's have."

Lily was standing with her hat on as the child ran up to her.

"A valentine," said she, "for me?

"But I think you are mistaken, little Midge."

She opened the letter with a sensation of wonder as to whom it possibly could be from.

For she got so few letters, this gentle drudging little creature, that the very sight of an envelope in a strange hand was a circumstance to startle her.

"From Doctor Ingraham," she said to herself.

"He will call here to see me this evening.

"Oh dear, dear! I knew how it would be.

"He thinks it's so strange that I haven't said anything about paying him for his attendance on Midge and Edie when they had the scarlet fever.

"But he doesn't know how poor we are!

"And he doesn't know—how should he?—that I was going to his office this very week; to ask him for the bill, and try and save up the amount, little by little, until I had got enough.

"Oh dear! oh dear!

"What am I to do?"

She laid out the children's rations on the table—a bowl of milk, and two liberal slices of bread for each—and, cautioning them not to go near the fire—which smouldered in a little cast-iron stove—went to her daily work with a heart which felt like lead within her bosom.

Mary Reid was talking in her high, soprano voice, about the valentine she had received.

Lotta Payne and Sarah Howell were giggling over gilt and tasselled epistles, directed in masculine hands, but Lily went straight to the forewoman.

"Mrs. Dobbs," said she, "can you lend me ten dollars?"

"I?" said the forewoman, in sour surprise.

"I need it very, very much!" said poor Lily; "and if you will give it to me to-day—this very afternoon, I mean—I will pay you my next two weeks' entire wages as they come in."

Mrs. Dobbs did a little mental arithmetic in the recesses of her brain as she stood there staring with fishy eyes on Lily Vennor.

Yes, the interest was not so bad.

She thought it might "pay;" and so she lent the ten dollars for a term of fourteen days, Sundays and holidays included.

And Lily, mustering up what courage she could, stopped at Doctor Ingraham's office on her way home from work.

"I won't give him the trouble to call," said she to herself; "for, of course, it will be a disappointment to him to know that he can't get his whole bill.

"But I will tell him I will pay the rest as soon as I ever can.

"And I hope he won't be very much vexed; for, oh, he was so good to me when the little ones were sick."

Poor Lily Vennor!

Dr. Ingraham's pretty little brougham was at the door when Lily went into his office, and Dr. Ingraham himself stood at the table, in his fur-trimmed coat, pouring some mixture from one vial into another—a tall, dark man, with eyes as black as sloes, and a beard as long and soft as floss silk.

He glanced up with a smile as Lily entered, and something like a flush of color crossed his dark cheek for a moment.

"Sit down, Miss Vennor," said he.

"I have just finished my visits for the present.

"In five minutes I shall be ready for home practice."

Lily had turned pink and white, by turns, as she clasped the ten dollars tightly in the palm of her hand within her worn little muff.

"I—I will not detain you long," said she; and she waited until he had prepared the compound and sent it off by his man.

"And now?" he , standing opposite to her, with folded arms, and a height that seemed to her positively commanding.

"I received a note from you," she said, "this morning."

"Yes, and why did you not wait for me to call?" he asked quietly.

"I was ashamed to put you to the trouble," said Lily, in a low voice.

"I knew, of course, the object of your call."

"Did you?"

He elevated his brows slightly.

"And I knew very well that I had not the money for you," she added in desperation.

"But here is ten dollars, and if you will please let me know the whole amount, I will endeavor to pay it by instalments as best I can."

"You are mistaken, Miss Vennor," said the Doctor.

"My motive in calling had nothing whatever to do with the collection of my bill."

Lily looked at him with innocent surprise.

She did not understand him.

"I had a question to ask you," said the Doctor.

"About the children?"

"No; about yourself."

"Yes," he said, "and I will ask it now, Miss Vennor.

"In these weeks when I came daily to your house, and saw you stand like a little angel at the bedside of those little ones, I made up my mind that you, of all women, came nearest my ideal of sweet, womanly perfection.

"And I vowed within myself to ask you to be my wife.

"So now, Miss Vennor—Lily—you know why I was coming!"

It seemed like a dream of unreal bliss to Lily Vennor, that homeward walk through the twilight, with Bruce Ingraham's arm to support her, his beloved presence so near to her.

She had been a toiler in life's shadow ever since she could remember; but she was coming into her heritage of happiness at last.

Little Midge and Edith were looking out for her, over the stairway, as she came home.

"It's Lily," cried Midge, in an audible stage whisper.

"Our Lily!

"But she isn't alone.

"There's some one with her.

"Oh, Edie, I guess it's her valentine!

"Old Mrs. Norris says that everyone has a valentine to-day."

"You dear little prophet!" cried Doctor Ingraham, catching up the little child in his arms.

"You are right.

"It is Lily's valentine!"

"Doctor Ingraham!" exclaimed Edith, slowly.

"Well, if I was to chose a valentine out of all the world for Lily, I should say Doctor Ingraham!"

And Lily, in a voice that was almost a whisper, added—

"So should I!"

RETRIBUTION.—That great prophet Moses the rabbins say, once heard a voice from Heaven commanding him to ascend to the top of a certain mountain.

He obeyed: and, upon reaching the cloud-capped summit, he found himself in the presence of the Supreme Being, who asked him if he was entirely satisfied with the way and manner in which the world was governed.

"Speak freely," said Jehovah. "Thou art the leader of my chosen people, and I would that thou shouldst be enlightened."

In the midst of the Divine speech, Moses chanced to look down upon the plain.

At the foot of the mountain was a spring of pure fresh water, where he saw a man in armor dismount from his horse for the purpose of quenching his thirst.

While bending over the fountain a well-filled purse slipped from his bosom and fell upon the sand, but he did not observe it, and went away before he had discovered his loss.

Hardly had the warrior departed when a fair and comely youth approached, and took his place at the spring.

He saw the purse and took it up, and upon finding it filled with gold, and discovering no possible owner in sight, he put it in his bosom and went his way.

Following the youth came a gray-haired, slow, paced old man to the fountain, who, having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest, and while he thus sat, the warrior who had lost his purse returned to seek it in that place, where he knew he must have let it fall.

He asked the old man if he had seen it. The latter swore that he had not, and called upon Heaven to bear witness to his honor; but the loser would not believe him. The old man's face was troubled, and he seemed to swear too roundly, and, in the end, the man-at-arms, full of wrath and regardless of the other's protestations, drew his sword and killed him on the spot.

Moses, sorely affected at this spectacle, prostrated himself on the ground, was upon the point of complaining of this sad piece of injustice, when a voice from the o'er-topping cloud addressed him in these words: "Dispute thy fear and thy surprise; do not ask Him who governs the universe why He has permitted that which thou has just witnessed. The youth who found the purse was the cause of the old man's death; but know that this same old man was the wicked murderer of that youth's father."

SUNDAY is the great day for base ball games in the West, immence multitudes gathering to see contests between professional clubs.

Measure for Measure.

BY G. L. WORRALL.

A LOVELIER evening could not well be imagined, and Mrs. Clarence congratulated herself over and over again that her moonlight lawn *dansante* and autumn *fete* was crowned with such brilliant success.

It had been her own idea, this unique entertainment she was giving this lovely October night.

She had selected the full of the hunter's moon for the time, and kind fate had accompanied the bright moonlight with a balmy wind, that made it a positive luxury to wander among the illuminated walks in the park, and listen to the band playing in the big marquee, where dancing was vigorously prosecuted; or best of all, to very many of Mrs. Clarence's guests, to lounge in and out of the refreshment tent, where white vested servants dispensed all kinds of delicious hospitality.

A beautiful night, a faultless company, her own toilette unexceptionable—Mrs. Clarence seemed to have nothing to annoy or vex her—not even when her ten-year-old boy, handsome, imperious, rushed up to her, his golden hair pushed off his fair flushed face, his blue eyes shining with excitement and indignation.

"Mamma, I want to dance with Elsie, and Willie Kirk says I shan't. I want you to come and make him let her alone."

Mrs. Clarence smiled indulgently in the boy's handsome angry face.

"Why, Bertie, my dear, I believe young gentlemen usually settle such matters between themselves. Can't you wait until the next set for Elsie?"

"No I can't. I want to dance with her now. Come, make him let me have her, mamma."

Mrs. Clarence laughed this time at the boy's clamoring earnestness.

"I don't really know what to do," she said to Mrs. Newcome, standing grave, and just a little contemptuous, listening to the demands of the spoiled child.

"I should do nothing whatever," she answered. "Look yonder, Bertie," she went on, in a quiet attempt at diverting the boy, "who are they?"

"They" were a picturesque couple emerging from the shadow into the light in which the ladies and Bertie stood.

A tall, slender woman, with a sad dark face, and big pathetic eyes, with a gay, shabby shawl tied over her dress, and big silver rings in her ears, and massive coils of jetty hair twisted around her head.

And beside her, a lithe native child, in a ragged dress, and bare feet and legs, with the same big dark eyes, and jetty hair hanging in tangled masses over her brown shoulders.

"Let me tell your fortunes, ladies, pretty ladies, pretty boy," the woman began. "Cross my palm with silver, and I'll tell you the prettiest fortune for the little gentleman that ever the stars told me."

Mrs. Newcome drew haughtily back, while Mrs. Clarence looked highly indignant.

"Where did these horrid creatures come from?" she said. "Where could Jones have been that he allowed them to pass through the gate?"

"We don't mean any harm, lady; we come in the hope of earning a penny. Let me play a tune, and Lena will sing and dance for you. Come, Lena."

The tall slave-like child sprang forward, struck a graceful position, and began a low sweet bar of some gipsy lay—in the middle of the assumption of the wrong thing, a pair the woman had carried in the throw of gay tattered head-shawl on the grass behind her.

"Where can some one be to put them out?" Mrs. Clarence said angrily. "Bertie, yonder is Williams; bring him to me at once."

The sharp merciless voice arrested the song, the weird melody, and the woman turned her big sad eyes beseechingly to Mrs. Clarence's cold, haughty face.

"Only a penny, lady; give us only a crust, a crumb——"

Bertie interrupted her with a malicious delight in his voice.

"Mamma, she's got your vinaigrette and Indian scarf—see! she's hid 'em under her shawl; I see 'em."

The woman straightened suddenly.

"I did not know they were on the ground where I threw my shawl. I am no thief; I am honest as you. I do not steal; I earn my crust right and fair."

Mrs. Newcome's thin lips curled scornfully as she looked at her dress.

"An exceedingly plausible story," said Mrs. Clarence, as Bertie darted off after the man-servant, "but I don't intend to be imposed upon by it. Williams," to the man who had stepped up, and was respectfully waiting his orders—"I wish these people taken in charge for trespass and stealing. There are policemen in the grounds somewhere. Will you see they are taken to the jail?"

A moan of wild agony burst from the woman's quivering lips, and she turned beseechingly to Mrs. Clarence, clasping her hands in pleading.

"Oh, you don't mean that—you don't mean to send us to jail—we never stole a cup of cold water in our lives! Lady—lady, you wouldn't shut us up in prison when we've never harmed a hair of your pretty head? You've a heart in your bosom—you won't put me and my little one in the cell?"

"I certainly would and certainly shall. Ah, officer!" to the man Bertie had sped after, "here is your [illegible] for trespass and theft. Remove them as quietly as possible—it is really a shameful affair."

And then five minutes afterwards Mrs. Clarence and Bertie went calmly on their way to coax coquettish little Elsie Thornton to be Master Bertie's partner.

While, with set teeth and laboring breath, and a dumb horror and bewilderment in her great dusky eyes, the woman and her child went along the quiet country road, through the lovely October night, to the village jail, while little Lena clung piteously to the cold hand she held, and looked up in the face above her.

"Mamma—mamma, what did she mean? Where are we going? What is the matter with you, mamma?"

* * * * * *

An exquisite room with lofty ceilings, frescoed in warm rose-color and vivid gold, and a rose-colored velvet carpet on the floor, with costly works of art here and there, and on an oval malachite and gilt table, in front of a big velvet chair, piles of notes, bouquets, and baskets of flowers.

And in the chair a radiant young creature, with eyes like midnight, and lustrous dusky hair piled in rich masses on her proud little head—with a complexion warmly olive-and-rose—a bewitching dazzling creature, who had turned as many heads by her exquisite beauty as by her wonderful talent on the stage.

Just now she was slowly turning over and over a magnificent diamond bracelet that sparkled dazzlingly in the gaslight, and then repeated aloud the name on the card attached to it.

"Albert Clarence.

"Yes, I remember the name perfectly well.

"I heard it for the first time just sixteen years ago to-night."

She smiled as she twisted the costly souvenir round and round, and then picked up the elegantly-written daintily-perfumed note that had accompanied it when flung on the stage the evening previous.

This was the note Lena Wilford read, with her eyes and lips smiling thoughtfully—

"If you will condescend to accept and wear the accompanying, you will make A. C. the happiest man in the world. I shall look for it to-morrow night. If it is on your beautiful arm, I shall take hope."

Lena laid the note down, and leaned her head back against the cushion.

"How well I remember it all.

"Sixteen years ago: oh, mother, mother!"

And Mrs. Dixon, Lena's friend and "sheep dog," looked up from her novel in surprise at the sudden storm of tears into which Lena burst.

"Why, my dear, what can have happened?"

And then Lena crested her beautiful little dusky head suddenly, and dashed away the tears, and laughed a little hysterically.

"What has happened to me, dear friend?

"Not the least thing in the world.

"See here—isn't this superb?

"The symbol of another conquest.

"Albert Clarence is his name.

"You've heard of the Clarences of Clarence Grange?

"So have I.

"I'll wear the bracelet—it is too lovely to refuse."

* * * * * *

That night Albert Clarence, sitting in his box in the theatre, saw the glitter of his princely gift on the beautiful popular young tragedienne's arm, and his blue eyes lighted up with the passionate fire of delight and hope.

* * * * * *

A month later, and as when he was a lad of ten, he went to enlist his mother's aid to secure his childish partner for a dance, so now Albert Clarence, a tall handsome man, went to her with the burden he had carried for many days, and found growing heavier with every [illegible].

"She refuses to have me, mother. What shall I do?

The same arrogant selfish spirit that had been his as a child's ruled to a matured impatience of restraint.

Mrs. Clarence lifted her handsome eyebrows as imperiously at fifty years of age as when she was a blooming matron of thirty-five.

"It is absolutely impossible that she should refuse you, Bertie—absolutely impossible.

"Why it is an unheard-of honor you offer her—to become your wife, mistress of Clarence Grange, and she an actress."

"It's all very well for you to talk so, mother, but she won't have me.

"And if she persists I'll blow my brains out or emigrate to Africa or somewhere.

"I tell you, unless Lena Wilford will be [illegible] he will not be worth the trouble [illegible]

[illegible] with [illegible] his eyes, stamp and dismay to his mother's heart.

"Don't talk so cruelly, Bertie.

"Can't you ever understand that we cannot always have everything in the world we want?"

"I have had everything I wanted until this, and I'll have Lena or you'll not have me.

"That's all there is of it."

Mrs. Clarence looked piteously at him, thinking perhaps that added to all her other miseries about him—his gaming debts, his dissipated habits, his general undutifulness, this was a peculiarly cruel burden.

"Have you let her see you were in desperate earnest?

"These pretty famous actresses are usually exacting in their homage."

"You go to her and tell her," he said suddenly.

"Tell her you want her for your daughter—tell her how I worship her.

"She won't dare laugh in your face as she does in mine when I swear to her how wretched I am without her promise.

"She'll believe you.

Never in all her life had Mrs. Clarence refused a favor to her darling.

"Yes.

"I'll go down on my knees if I can make you happy, my boy.

"I'll plead with her, and if one woman can touch another woman's heart, I'll win your wife for you, Bertie."

* * * * * *

Lena Wilford was just dressed for her noon drive, when Mrs. Clarence was ushered into the elegant little reception-room—dazzled and bewildered by the royal magnificence of the girl's beauty—this girl, this actress, who had refused her darling.

"I am Mrs. Clarence," she said cordially.

"I presume you recognize the name?"

"Beyond doubt, madam.

"Will you be seated?" Lena said, in a haughty little way.

And then Mrs. Clarence said her say, told her eager story with thrilling, pleading eloquence.

"He will die unless you take pity on him, Miss Wilford.

"His happiness is not alone in your hands, his life is there.

"For his sake, consent to be his wife, for my sake, be my daughter."

Lena had stood still, her lovely hands clasped and hanging down at arm's length, listening in cold courtesy to the suppliant's prayer, until the ardent words ceased.

Then she smiled.

"Your arguments do not interest me, nor have your persuasions the least effect.

"I would not marry your son to save his life.

"But I hired him to do with all my power, so that I might have my revenge.

"Do you remember the night of your lawn party sixteen years ago, when you drove me and my mother to prison on a charge that was false and cruel?

"My mother died in that prison cell, you and your boy were her murderers.

"I swore revenge, child though I was; my gipsy blood boiled hot against you and yours.

"I have kept my oath, you suffer a tithe of what we suffered, and I believe my mother approves.

"Go home, and tell your son your mission is hopeless.

And with a smile, like moonlight on a sword blade, cold and glittering, she bowed Mrs. Clarence away.

And before night of the same day Albert Clarence went away, cursing his luck, cursing his mother, cursing the beautiful woman who had been so just in her relentlessness, and his mother never saw him again.

Balancing Accounts.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

"FRED, can you let me have a little money this morning?"

Frederick Wharton, putting on his boots to go to store after breakfast, paused, one boot in his hand, the other on his foot, and looked at his wife as—well as men do look now and then, when their better halves ask for money.

Ladies know the expression very well.

"Money! why, Nell, what have you done with all I gave you last quarter-day?"

"Used it, Fred. Not extravagantly, either."

And there was a bit of a sparkle coming into Mrs. Ellen's bright eyes.

"Well, I don't—know," quoth Mr. Fred slowly. "I gave you one hundred last quarter, and the next isn't up for a week yet. Seems to me that one hundred, for a small family like ours, ought to go a good way."

Mrs. Ellen marched to a drawer, took out a little morocco expense-book, and opened it under her lord and master's nose.

"Look for yourself," she said. "Every cent is down—[illegible], baker, grocer, coal, washerwoman's bill, pay for mending the wardrobe, for a boiler added to the kitchen stove—and everything else. Any extravagance there, Fred?"

"Well, no, I don't see that there is. But it seems to me, out of twenty pounds you ought to save something."

Mr. Fred's eyes fell on the velvet slippers he had just dropped off, his last birthday present from Ellen, and his face brightened.

"There are those slippers now. You told me that you gave three dollars for them. Wouldn't a cheaper pair have done just as well?

He looked up, as much as to say:

"Hey, Mrs. Ellen. I've got you there."

But Ellen was ready for him.

Her pretty face flushed, for she didn't like her gift found fault with.

"Do you think I gave you a present paid for with your own money?" she retorted. "I tell you women don't like to do that. I made that money braiding a cloak for Mrs. [illegible]

"Oh, I see."

Mr. Fred looked [illegible]

"Yes, I did. I was going to spend it for [illegible] was [illegible] but I—I—I'll be [illegible] I was [illegible] women, with some spirit. "Now, Mr. Fred, it's your turn. You gave me one hundred and kept two hundred and fifty for yourself. I've paid all our living expenses except the house rent. Now if you expected me to do that and save something, why of course, out of so much more, you have saved a pretty good sum. How much is it?"

It was Fred's turn to crimson under Ellen's bright eyes.

"I—oh, well, that's another thing, you see, Nelly. I have paid the rent, you know."

"Fifteen dollars a month for three months. A pretty good balance left yet," promptly answered Mrs. Ellen.

"Oh, well, men have a good many expenses, you know," said Fred uneasily.

"I've heard so," observed Ellen drily. "Such as cigars, a glass of wine or beer, and a few other small items."

"Oh, I spend little on those things!" promptly returned Fred. "And, you see, I didn't say I had spent it all. I haven't much about me, but I have a little in the safe at the store. Will it do if I bring you some at noon?"

"Yes, very well," answered Ellen.

And then Mr. Fred, with a hasty good-bye to her, hurried off, just in time to catch an omnibus.

When he got to the store he examined the little balance he had put in the safe for security, and found there but twenty dollars.

"Well, we'll have to be pretty saving, that's a fact!" says Fred. "Somebody must be a little extravagant, or we wouldn't be so short. Let's see now if it's me."

Fred kept no account, as Ellen did, but he drew on his mind for the items.

"Cigars—well, I smoke about five a day—let's try now."

He made some rapid calculations with his pen.

"What! is it possible?—ten dollars and twenty-two cents a month—nearly as much in a quarter as our house rent! I never could have believed it. Then I do take a glass of wine now and then, or a dish of oysters, and ask a friend or two to join me—I dare say I spend as much more for those two items. And then I ride out with some of the boys now and then, and very often pay the bill myself. To be sure, I take Nelly sometimes, but I guess ten or so would pay for all the recreation she's had a share of in this quarter.

"Oh, well now, this won't do! Fred, my boy, you can't have that little woman's eyes flash at you that way again. Not while she holds that provoking little red book under your nose, anyhow. We'll make a different arrangement about this thing at once."

He went home at noon, and divided the remaining money with Ellen.

"I had used I have left this time," she said. "But if you can't make it answer until next week there will be a new quarter-day."

"I can make it do, Fred," said Ellen good-naturedly.

"Then I think we'll try a new plan," says Fred.

"I'll give you one hundred, and I'll keep one hundred and fifty, and we'll put the rest in the bank, for a drawing fund in case of need.

"What do you say?"

"I think it's an excellent plan, Fred.

"Perhaps we can save enough to buy us a little home, some day," said Ellen, with her eyes sparkling again, but not with temper this time.

"Maybe we can," returned Fred with a laugh.

But his plan did not prove a laughing matter.

They perseveringly tried it, and found that with the aid of a little economy, they did not have to touch their drawing fund at all.

And at the end of three years Fred was surprised to find himself in possession of enough money to buy a small home, and pay two thirds of the price cash down, all saved from little extravagances of his own, which he was quite as well off without.

CUSTOM AND DUTIES.—Solomon and Hiram made a treaty of commerce and navigation to their united advantage without any restrictions whatever. The Athenians, about 450 years B. C., assessed a moderate duty of two per cent. on all importations, beside which they had an internal revenue tax.

The Romans had a tariff for import and export of two and a half per cent., besides one of international revenue; moreover, they had a system of bonded warehouses.

In the era of Augustus the yearly income from these sources was not [illegible] 00,000,000. When the purchasing power of money at that time is calculated this would equal $1,000,000,000 in our day. There is said to be in existence in some European library a copy of an old Roman tariff comprising 200 articles on its list. In the Jewish days of independence we find no record of import duties, although when Palestine became a Roman province the Roman tariff was probably put in force.

Coming down nearer to modern times, we discover the origin of the word "tariff." On the coast of Spain, just inside the Straits of Gibraltar, there is an island called Tarifa. When the Moors had possession of the Peninsula they established a very [illegible] custom house force upon it. The [illegible] of revenue was discretionary with the collector. All formalities of entering and clearing were dispensed with. Every vessel passing through the straits, in either direction, was brought to and robbed to the [illegible] extent of not absolutely preventing the captain from undertaking another voyage. If he did, he paid up fifteen per cent. of his cargo [illegible] in money, he was allowed to go in peace.

Our Young Folks.

GOING FISHING.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

THERE was honeysuckle all over the front porch, and roses and clematis creeping round the windows, and all kinds of flowers in the garden before the farmhouse; and at the back were the farmyard and barns, and stables, and cow-houses, and duck-pond.

But Tom and Hubert, though they found the old farmhouse a pleasant change from the dusty town in which they lived, did not care so much for these farm belongings; their aspirations soared far away beyond the garden and corn-fields to the river rolling along through the meadows at some little distance.

"What is the good of being in the country if one cannot fish?" said Tom.

"Especially when we have made such a capital discovery as we have," replied Hu-

"I'm not sure that our discovery will help us much," said Tom.

"How can we bring them downstairs without being seen?"

"Bring them downstairs!" exclaimed Hu-

"Why, what a splendid thing, when there is that convenient old roof sloping from the garret window almost to the ground?

"We can slip them down, and hide them in the long grass until we have an opportunity of getting off unperceived."

Now, in the garret Tom and Hubert had found a large assortment of fishing-tackle, amongst which were two fishing-rods that particularly struck their fancy.

With these rods they could catch as many fish as would supply the larder for a week.

"And mother won't mind that," argued Tom; "you know people must have food to eat.

"And we can kill the fish as soon as they are out of the water.

"Won't it be fun to feel them nibbling at the bait, and to jerk them out on the

"Oh it will be fun, and what a jolly day we will have; and what a splendid basketful we shall catch!

"Of course," added Tom, trying to quiet a voice that was trying to say something to him, "of course, the greatest thing to be thought of is the basketful that we shall bring home for dinner and supper and breakfast.

"I think mother is getting tired of ham and bacon and eggs."

"I

I

when you know if we were seen coming the fishing-rods there would be no end to our explanations."

"Still," persisted Tom, "I think mother will be glad of the fish.

Hubert whistled, and perhaps his whistle had some significance.

Down slipped one rod Hubert guiding it out of the window, and Tom waiting below to receive it.

Then down went the other, and Hubert quickly closed the window, and joined his below.

"The coast is clear," said he; "make haste."

And away crept the two boys under the of the tall trees, and were soon out of sight.

They heard their mother calling "Tom! Hubert! where are you?" but they no notice, and only hastened on the faster to the river.

Ah! such a beautiful river, winding along among the reeds and rushes and tall water-flags

with a stone bridge, and a mill-wheel, and a pool to bathe in, and

just ready to be cut!

And Tom and Hubert, as they seated themselves on the bank, and threw their into the water, forgot all qualms of and were for the moment supremely happy.

"I just like being caught," said Tom. "How fortunate we've been!"

"And he added another wriggling fish to his

"

"

"Hush!" replied Hubert, trying to escape observation.

"

Just as it seemed an age until the

And

Of course, had

pursued line.

boys re-

for bread, while

of cattle feeding along the banks, and how did they know but that a second bull might follow the example of his companion?

They hastily seized their rods, and made their way through the fields to a wood in which there was a quiet pool.

Here they settled down again, and landed a few trout.

But their sport was destined to be again interrupted; a violent storm came on, and they retired to the thickest part of the wood for shelter.

Here they were protected from the rain, but soon great flashes of lightning made them feel that trees were by no means desirable neighbors in a thunder-storm; so they made their way to the entrance of the wood.

But they had scarcely emerged from the wood before a fierce-looking dog came barking towards them.

"Perhaps it is also mad," said Hubert, putting his trout behind him.

"Hi! hi! old boy; ho! ho! Get off! get off!" he almost shrieked.

"Here, Tiger, here!" said a loud voice; and a burly farmer came through the gate.

"And what are you doing here young gentlemen?" said the farmer.

"Don't you see the board up—'All trespassers will be prosecuted?'

"And what's more, you've been fishing in the trout-pond, and the fishing is preserved.

"I must have you up before the magistrates.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Tom, sobbing, "what will mother say?

"Oh, please, sir, let us off this time; we did not know it was wrong."

"You will go straight home, and I shall go with you. I must see your parents," said the farmer.

Tom and Hubert took up their broken rods and the string of trout, and, much crest-fallen, walked on in silence, followed by the farmer and his dog.

As Tom and Hubert came in sight of the farm-house, they saw their mother pacing to and fro, evidently in much anxiety; and as she perceived them she quickly advanced to meet them.

"I have

you two naughty boys,

to the farmer.

"I caught them trespassing in my woods; and fishing where they had no right to fish."

"And disobeying me," said the mother, gravely.

"Ah!" said the farmer, "I thought as much.

"I was thinking of handing them over to the magistrate, so as to give them a lesson early as to rights of property and such like; but I have heard you are a sensible woman, ma'am, and so I give them up to you instead, as you'll know how to deal with them."

And the farmer turned away.

"Mother," said Tom, "I think we have been punished enough; we have had three frights."

"And we might have been killed; at least I might," added Hubert, "for Tom was up in the tree."

But the mother looked grave.

"No, my children your punishment will last longer than the present moment; disobedience and deceit are not so easily disposed of.

I grieve to think that my children should have behaved in such a manner towards me."

Tom and Hubert hung their heads.

"The broken rods you will have to replace," continued the mother; "and as they happen to be expensive ones, it will

to come.

"And for the rest of our stay here I shall not be able to let you roam about alone, since I find that I cannot trust you. So you see that deceit and disobedience are not productive of pleasant consequences."

RAT-CHARMING.

BY W. H. C.

I WAS never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I scarcely remember."

So said Rosalind in As You Like It, when she found what "strange fruit," in the shape of complimentry verses grew upon the trees in the Forest of Arden.

And in other writing of the same period, and later, we find allusions to the Irish practice of applying poetry to the destruction of rats.

The practice, if not now quite extinct, is almost so.

For the most part, means are now resorted to in which the connection between cause and effect can be more distinctly traced.

Nevertheless, long years ago, and in a remote corner of the Green Isle, I once saw the poetic method adopted; and to the best of my observation, with singular success.

Rosalind's merry jest lately brought it to my mind.

It was the Holiday House of our children—a country-place, where we were occasionally 'turned out on grass,' and where together with our young cousins, we sometimes spent weeks at a time in a kind of perpetual picnic.

I know not what domestic system obtains in that old house now, but I know that when Granny reigned, it was a children's

But there is no perfection in this world, and so it happened that once upon a time

by strange

Singular noises were heard at the watching hour of night, and bells were rung unaccountably, when all visible hands were in bed.

Nora, Granny's favorite maid, began to grow pale, and to go about after dusk uneasily, and with scared looks.

Nor was she much comforted when cer-

cause of disturbance.

To Nora's mind, less terrible than ghosts fancy invested them some of the terrors of the supernatural.

She had heard many stories of their extraordinary sagacity, and she hinted that such contrivances argued more than rodent wisdom.

Ordinary means, she reminded—open visible means—such as might be used by innocent people, would never rid the house of their presence.

If they chose to make themselves a home in it, they would know how to hold their ground against traps and terriers; they would refuse to touch poison.

She had heard, she hinted, of a person who knew how to banish them; but his art was a secret, and such as might not be practised by ordinary men.

Fain would she seek out this man and bring him to the house; but the mistress did not approve.

One night, coming into our room with a candle when we were fast asleep, she spied a black spot on my sister Bessie's pillow, a spot which fled precipitately when the light appeared.

With a scream that rang through the house, Nora fell on her knees, and was praying and crossing herself frantically when Granny hurried in.

She turned her entreaties to her mistress then, and clinging to dear Granny, she wept before her, and implored that she might—that very hour—be allowed to go in search of a man (she had heard her mother speak of him) who was possessed of a charm fatal to rats.

The lives of the innocent children, she said, might be sacrificed if the Mistress persisted in her refusal; for if Bessie a guardian angel had not sent her—Nora—into the room at that moment, the rat would surely have sucked the sweet child's blood!

Granny did not like the rats certainly; yet she was very unwilling to lend her countenance to the practice of occult arts; but it was not in her long to resist tears and entreaties.

Besides, the girl was half wild with terror; so there was nothing for it but to consent.

Early the next day, Granny promised her she should be permitted to go in search of the man, whose name even she did not know, and who, she acknowledged, might have died long since, without having imparted his secret to another.

Nora spent the rest of the night open-eyed in our room, sewing, to keep herself awake and did not thereby improve her mental condition.

Next morning, when we knew that business was in hand, all of us who were old enough to feel interested in it were for escorting Nora on her way; and what could that best of Grannies do but pack us up a basket of provisions, and send us off in the green donkey-cart that had done duty before on many a summer's day ramble.

To all but Nora, the whole thing was a summer day's frolic; and I am afraid we ill requited her ready sympathy with all our childish fears and troubles, by making her anxiety on this occasion the subject of our thoughtless mockery.

It was a day's journey to find out that old man and to bring him back with us.

Persistent inquiries of various individuals at length brought us upon the right track, and late in the afternoon we came in sight of the man we wanted.

He was a small old man, somewhat past the years of labor—sitting at his cabin door smoking a pipe, his little grandchild at his feet stringing daisies.

He had long white hair, and a cast of countenance that even then gave me the idea of a covetous and unscrupulous character.

To our disappointment, he drew Nora apart, in order to learn why we had come in search of him, and the few words we heard them exchange were in Irish.

They were not long, however, in coming to an understanding, for Nora soon came back to us, looking more contented than she had done for some days; and she told us that if we would let the old man have a seat in the cart, she would take a shorter way across the fields, and meet us near home.

It was growing dark when we arrived at Holiday House, and Granny was on the steps looking out for us.

I remember she kissed us all as we came in, but was not quite gracious to Nora, whose action she still regarded with dis-

We were all very tired; Bessie indeed was carried in fast asleep, so that we could give Granny no account of our doings until we had been refreshed with supper.

When

pen, ink, and paper; and having torn the last into slips, he proceeded to

no one should on any account read or try to

This done, the papers were rolled up into pellets, and placed, with ceremonies that none were allowed to witness, in every rat a hole that had been discovered.

If they were removed or touched, not only would the charm be broken, but probably worse things than rats would visit the house.

The charmer was then rewarded in money by the contributions raised among the servants; for they would not ask the mistress to pay for proceedings to which she had

protest.

He accepted however to feast him

and after

request to let him be so.

We were

that night to thank

for his various assertions,

but to

we resolved on the last step of examining the papers—inquisitive and irreverent little people that we were, encouraged somewhat, I am afraid, by Granny.

Having first made sure that Nora was well out of the way, we shut ourselves up in the playroom, where the rats had a favorite hole.

With the help of a knitting-needle, George succeeded in extracting one or two papers.

On each there was written a rude couplet, containing some exhortation to the rats to depart from the house.

This is the only one I fully remember:

Black rats and white
Go down to Mr. Jones's house, and never come back this way.

More merciful than his forefathers, our charmer had not sought to compass the death of the vermin, but only to pass them on to the neighbors!

I suppose the rats had already accepted this rhythmical notice to quit; for notwithstanding our interference with the proper working of the charm, my recollection is, that the house was troubled with them no more.

Whether in this instance the benefit was permanent, I know not, as at Granny's death Holiday House passed to other hands, and neither under that nor any other roof on earth shall Granny's young visitors all meet together again.

QUEEN SCENES.—When Naples was ruled by King Bomba, his Majesty one day paid a visit to the ship of an English com-

While the com-

was receiving his royal visitor on

the

Naples,

running about rambunctiously,

a

and

went below before-

Unseen a witness of the accident, an

made for the quarter-deck

and, seeing

Lazzaroni, as full down the hatchway. Sheridan once declined to take a walk with a troublesome feminine admirer, on the plea that the weather would not permit; and being caught by the lady as he was sneaking out for a stroll, countered her remark that the weather seemed now to have cleared up with the bold asseveration, "Yes, madam, enough for one, but not enough for two." Enough for one would, however, have been held enough for two had the lady been as attractive as the fair one to whom a youth-

wrote, "I want you to come

If you cannot get my-

and

I will come round

to our

Lord

old as that of the gentleman who would not hear of sharing his fortunes with a partner, because "If you make anything you don't get it, and if you lose you have to lose it all."

A CURIOUS LEGEND.—This curious Hessian legend is recorded by the Brothers Grimm:—A man kills his brother while they are out hunting, and buries the corpse under the arch of a bridge. Years pass, one day a shepherd, crossing the bridge with his flock, sees below a little white bone, shining like ivory. He goes down, picks it up, and carves it into a mouth-piece

When he began to play,

to sing of its own accord, "Oh, my dear shepherd! you are playing on one

my brother! you

bones; it was you who assassinated me!" And the King ordered the murderer to be executed.

A WONDERFUL CORN-FIELD.—In Colo-

THE MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

BY MAGGIE GREENE.

The thoughts I had when first you died
Were more than tongue can tell,
When first I saw them lay you here,
And bade my last farewell.
The house seemed vacant and so sad,
My loved one, without you,
I scarcely realized the fact—
I could not think it true.

Your azure eyes, and golden hair,
Are e'er before my mind,
The things I dearly treasure now
Are what you left behind;
The little dresses and the cloak
My darling used to wear,
The flowers on your bosom laid—
One lock of golden hair.

And when the sun sinks in the west,
And stars begin to peep,
When daylight fair has come and gone,
And all lie down to sleep,
I don't forget you up above,
With done of us anear,
But this is what I love to feel—
The Lord Himself is there.

When springtime greets us once again,
And buds begin to bloom,
I won't forget the darling boy
Who lives beyond the tomb,
But strew his grave with roses rare,
And flowers all fair to see,
And with the promise that I have,
Contented I should be.

CONCERNING SHOES.

SANDALS, or simple protections for the sole, kept in their places by ties or laces, formed undoubtedly the oldest species of coverings for the human feet. We learn this both from actual specimens discovered among the tombs and temples of ancient Egypt, and from the numerous paintings yet existing in the same country. The Egyptian sandals were formed of palm leaves, papyrus stalks, and similar light materials, neatly and firmly plaited together, and fitting the shape of the feet exactly. Some of these articles had the toes turned up like modern skates; and most commonly the laces which encircled the instep and ankle were joined by another lace from the toe. Narrow and imperfect sides, made also of plaited leaves, seem to have constituted the first approach to a more complete foot-covering; and, by dyeing or painting the materials, and lining the inside of the sole with linen having figures drawn upon it, the Egyptians converted these woven sandal shoes into elegant articles of wear.

It would appear that a species of leather sandal, held in its place by laces more or less numerous and broad, formed the common foot-covering of the Greeks. Owing to their statues being generally represented with bare feet, however, some uncertainty exists as to the point of perfection which these people had attained in manufacturing these articles.

But the style of Roman shoes, which are much better known, was probably borrowed from the Greeks. The caliga, or military shoe, and two other kinds, called the calceus and the solea, constituted the most common forms of the article in Rome. The caliga, from wearing which, in his youth, one of the emperors was named Caligula—was simply a sandal, having a sole of considerable strength, and laces extending above the ankle, ornamented with knots. To increase the durability of the sole, the Romans used to sew into it pieces of wood or cork, and hence the name of sandal-wood. The calceus covered the feet nearly to the same extent as our present shoes; and the solea was a sandal with an upright heel-piece, from which ties passed to the front. Most of the ladies, ambitious of height, we may suppose, wore thick cork heels.

Some ancient shoes have been preserved, in which the wooden soles were arched, like pattens, and also stuck full of short spikes, evidently for safe walking in winter.

Among the Chinese, and some other Eastern nations, shoes and boots, of silk, satin, or light leather, richly embroidered, have been long in use. Turned-up points or peaks, of considerable length, have ever been the fashion among the Orientals. A Chinese lady's shoe is a curiosity in more respects than one, being in shape more like a receptacle for a quadruped's hoof than for the human foot. The quantity of sewing and embroidery upon them is also amazing.

The most curious portion of this subject, however, consists in a view of the various changes in the fashion of foot-coverings which have taken place among the civilized nations of modern times. In Britain the variations in this respect have been almost innumerable. From illuminated manuscripts, we find that the Anglo-Saxons wore long stockings, which they called hose, being usually of linen, but sometimes of skin and leather.

Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to hide an excrescence on the point of one of his feet, introduced long-peaked shoes. Some peaks, for example, were made like a scorpion's tail, and others like a ram's horn. The common people in the early reigns of the Plantagenets wore usually small-fronted leather shoes, slightly peaked, and secured by a band over the instep. The nobility used embroidered and cloth boots of a very rich kind.

At length the fashion which had been originally invented to conceal the Duke of Anjou's clumsy toe, became so intolerable that Edward IV. tried to put it down by Act of Parliament. He decreed that any shoemaker who was discovered to have made the peaks of shoes or boots more than two inches long should be fined. But fashion, diverted from display in one direction, speedily started into another, and shoes were made with fronts or peaks of breadth almost as great as their whole length. Some peaks were worn square, and others round. This new absurdity continued to prevail and spread to the days of Queen Mary, who again thought it necessary to interfere. By a proclamation of her reign, it was ordered that six inches should be the utmost breadth of the peaks of shoes and boots throughout the English land.

Grains of Gold.

Good character is above all things else.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Experience points to the surest paths of success.

Make much of to-day, for to-morrow may deceive.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

Preserve your temper under all circumstances.

Reason and Judgment are the foundations of wisdom.

He who has nothing to do, has no business to live.

Perseverance accomplishes what a trial commences.

A flatterer soon loses his hold upon public confidence.

Be ever on your guard against making rash promises.

Time is money. A waste of opportunities is criminal neglect.

Thorough calculation and diligent endeavor invariably win.

When a good impression is made it should be carefully preserved.

Accept the advice of competent instructors, and be guided thereby.

A courteous demeanor makes friends; a blustering temper, enemies.

Avoid useless argument, and do not press your claims at an improper time.

One success leads to another. Secure influence and your labors will be lighter.

Strive for the mastery in whatever you undertake. Inefficient services are fruitless.

Patience is not passive; on the contrary, it is active, it is concentrated strength.

Do not let your confidence betray you into supposing yourself incapable of mistake.

Exaggeration and actual lying are closely related. Fact and truth are always powerful.

Idleness is beset with trouble. Persistent labor allows no time for the indulgence of folly.

Knowledge is power. Improve every occasion for adding to your store of understanding.

Keep appointments. Be on hand at the hour named. Punctuality is one of the levers to success.

Beware of boasting and duplicity. Reasonable assertions carry conviction, and command respect.

Envy prompts to dishonor. Avoid the indulgence of speculation beyond your power of acquisition.

Foolishness places itself in the foremost rank to be observed; intelligence stands in the hindmost to observe.

There is but one happiness—duty. There is but one consolation—work. There is but one enjoyment—the beautiful.

The man who is always discovering faults in his neighbors, can see someone worse than his neighbors by looking into a mirror.

Most of us know something about the discipline of poverty, and feel quite ready to experience some of the awful responsibility of wealth.

A great many people who are always complaining that life is a burden, would feel very unhappy at the prospect of being relieved from the load.

It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are, the more patient and gentle we become as regards the defects of others.

Genius is a great thing, without doubt; but if you have a capacity for hard work, you have so good a substitute for genius that you can't tell the difference between the two.

Suffering is our most faithful friend; it is always returning. Often it has changed its dress, and even its face; but we can easily recognize it by its cordial and intimate embrace.

Femininities.

Sympathy gives an angelic grace to virtue.

Women are too imaginative and sensitive to have much logic.

Pennyroyal distributed in places frequented by roaches will drive them away.

Most young men and maidens look upon a ball as a means to an end—viz., matrimony.

Nantucket has a girl pilot only 17 years of age. Knows all the buoys in the sound, you can bet.

A student of faces says that the most discontented-looking women are those he sees riding in carriages.

The most universally-known woman in the world is the woman who will sing when she don't know how.

There are now employed in the public schools of Massachusetts 8,861 teachers, of whom 7,727 are women.

A young married man whose house rent is paid by his mother-in-law, alludes to her as his darling pay-rent.

"Mean!" she cried—"my husband is the meanest wretch in the world. He won't give me the least excuse for complaining.

People needn't wonder at the scarcity of good servant girls. If a girl's good for anything, some fellow's going to find it out and marry her.

"I want one of those long felt hats, papa," said a pretty girl to her father. The indulgent father forked over the money, and her head now fills the long felt want.

A recent advertisement in a Paris paper runs: "Princes, dukes, counts, viscounts, and others who wish to marry rich American young ladies, write in the first instance in all confidence," and so on.

An old lady was recently entering a stage coach, and was very hard to accommodate, because, as she remarked to the driver, "I never like to sit with my back to the horses, but always with my face before me."

A nice Judge, when asked why he had allowed a totally unnecessary female to take the stand and testify, said: "I know that it was not necessary, but I saw that she had a new bonnet and was anxious to show it."

Great, indeed, is the task assigned to woman. Who can elevate its dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern enterprises, but to form those by whom laws are made, armies are led, empires are governed.

There is a woman in Raleigh, N. C., who knows how to celebrate the Fourth of July. On every anniversary of the day for the past five years she has presented her liege lord with an heir, and last Fourth was no exception to the rule.

In marrying, men should seek happy women. They make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, talent, or style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any and all circumstances.

The mistress has gently reprimanded her maid for oversleeping herself in the morning. "You see, ma'am," explained the servant, "I sleep very slowly, and as you see, ma'am, it takes me much longer to get my sleep than it does others, you see, ma'am."

Novel ornaments for bonnets and hats are of gold, silver, or amber, and include birds, clasps, crescents, silver ferns, thistles, and antique medallions, connected with slender chains, long pins and poinards with odd Roman or Grecian heads, and stars, moons, and fishes in fine filigree.

The woman who, having children of her own, deputes them to the care of others, while she lolls on a sofa and reads a novel, or talks scandal with her acquaintances, is not only shirking her responsibilities, and therefore degrading herself, but she is also laying the seeds of future suffering.

Boston culture in a Boston shop: A lady entered a little store at the West End, and left an order with the girl at the counter. "No use telling me, ma'am," said the latter, pulling at her bangs; "you had better write it down; we don't none of us never remember nothing in this shop, ma'am, unless it's wrote down."

Last week Mrs. Sarah Bryant, aged 70, of Charleston, Arkansas, went driving with her son. She had a presentiment of evil, and before starting from her home bade all her relatives good-bye in a most impressive manner. On the road the horse became frightened and ran away, throwing the old lady out of the carriage and killing her.

"I should like to have a coin dated the year of my birth," said a maiden lady of uncertain age to a male acquaintance. "Do you think you could get one for me?" "I'm afraid not," he replied. "These very old coins are only to be found in valuable collections." And yet he cannot see why, when he met the lady the next day, she didn't speak to him.

It is said that the style of wearing the hair in Japan indicates the age and position of the woman. There are different modes for widows who do not wish to marry a second time and those who are hopeful of again being wedded. Such a custom could possibly have no significance here, where all the women are young, and all widows faithful to the memory of "the dear departed."

Your father has bought you a piano, and you have learned how to play after many long and wearisome lessons. Don't spoil all by getting married, for after that you won't have much use for your piano. After you have reached twenty it will be well to consider the matrimonial problem with some seriousness. And even then, if you have a good home, you need be in no hurry to solve it.

From twenty-two to twenty-five or twenty-six, a maiden may, and generally does, still further advance in attractiveness and adds to her store of charms. She is still young, but she has outlived many youthful fancies, and feels some of the dignity of womanhood. No better ages than those in a woman's life, and in none is she lovelier. But why stop at twenty-six? What fairer women are to be found than those between twenty-six and thirty, and even older?

News Notes.

It costs the British Government $600 for each soldier landed in Egypt.

A good quality of iron ore has been found near the city limits of St. Paul, Minn.

The United States owes $59 for every man, woman and child within its borders.

Four thousand Smiths held a family reunion at Peapack, Somerset county, N. J., some weeks since.

A Kansas joker has had to pay five thousand dollars for destroying a man's eye with an explosive cigar.

Belts for driving machinery are now made in this country about 48 inches wide and more than 120 feet in length.

A Chicago minister makes a note of the fact that he has never seen a lady reading a newspaper in a street-car.

Henry Clay's carriage, presented to him in 1853, by the citizens of Newark, N. J., is for sale in Louisville. Price, $25.

Of all the men-of-war in Europe Italy has the most heavily iron-plated and possessed with the most formidable guns.

Three hundred and eleven American cities owe a trifle over $900,000,000. Of this debt $145,000,000 was for water works.

Wm. Vanderbilt is worth $300,000,000, and is considered the richest single individual in the world, public or private.

An old druggist of this city says that no soda-water dealer can use genuine syrups and charge less than ten cents a glass.

Paul Boyton remarks that he has saved 72 persons from drowning, and the largest reward ever offered him was a $5 watch.

A lady at the Grand Union, Saratoga, has the reputation of being the owner of 40 parasols, with a costume to match each one.

Outside investments by "lambs" in the New York Stock Exchange for the year ending July 1, 1882, are estimated at $67,000,000.

Harrison, the "boy preacher," is 29 years old. His efforts will soon lose their sensationalism and develop into practical work.

The youngest bride in the country is Mrs. Thomas Payne, the wife of a South Carolina clergyman. She is a little over 11 years old.

The city of Houston, Tex., is about to put down wood pavements, and cypress is to be first tried, in the belief that it is proof against rot.

The liquor dealers of Topeka, Kansas, shaved the tail and mane of a horse owned by a prosecuting attorney, and made kindling wood of his carriage.

Canada has tried the system of postoffice savings banks, and finds it to work well. The deposits at the close of the year just ended were $5,000,000 more than the previous year.

In a museum at Salem, Mass., is a box made of a cherry stone, which contains one dozen silver spoons. The finish of these latter can only be discerned with a microscope.

Morrison Heady, a Kentucky blind man, is fond of chess. He has chessmen with projecting points, so that he may distinguish by the touch between them. He is hard to beat.

An experienced broker in New York writes that the legitimate business of the Stock Exchange is only about one and a half per cent of that transacted, all the rest being pure gambling.

France has 5,135 factories engaged in the manufacture of cotton, woolen, and other textile fabrics, in which nearly four hundred thousand operators are employed.

The log cabin which Washington used as his headquarters when surveyor in the valley of Virginia, still stands intact over the spring at Soldiers' Rest, Clarke county.

A writer in a London paper says that no two tigers are alike. One may run away when you whistle to him, and the next may obey the whistle in a manner to convince you that he is coming to dinner.

A man tried to get up a sympathy in his favor in Texas, because he was heavily fined for riding a mule on Sunday; but the tide turned when it was discovered that he had been riding another man's mule.

The Twenty-second Regiment of New York militia, from which Rosenheim, the abductor of Cora Lent, was recently expelled, has passed a resolution to the effect that in future no Jews shall be permitted to enlist in the regiment.

A Nashville woman who had been slandered by a young man, attacked the youth in the street with a butcher-knife, hacked away until he ran, and, says a local paper, "conducted herself like a perfect lady throughout the affair."

Young William Crosby, at Boston the other day, undertook to drive a wagon containing a load of muriatic acid around a corner. There was an upset, and Crosby's clothes were burned from his body and his flesh terribly eaten into by the escaping acid.

The old State House in Boston, Mass., has been once more adorned with the lion and the unicorn, the British emblem having been placed upon the facade of the building as a part of the work of restoration. The figures are of wood painted lead color.

Oscar Wilde was hanged in effigy at Spring Lake, near Long Branch, a week or two ago, because he did not bathe on the beach as was announced. The image wore a bathing suit with knee breeches; a sunflower bloomed upon its breast, and a Japanese parasol was in its hand.

Deacon Samuel Waldo, of Perry village, Wyoming county, N. Y., who has attained the venerable age of eighty-six years, has lately married a neighbor in the person of Miss Harriet Hammond, aged seventy years. The bride, who is the good deacon's sixth wife, was an early teacher of President Arthur.

Gotfried Kinkel.

BY P. C. B.

ON the arrival of the German poet, philosopher and patriot, Gottried Kinkel, in that city, a Paris correspondent indulged in the following reminiscences, *apropos* of his eventful history, in which are brought out some strange and interesting facts concerning General Carl Schurz.

No romance could be more "thrilling" or interesting at the present time.

When the Revolution of 1848 broke out, Kinkel was a Professor at the University of Bonn, and his strong political opinions induced him to take a prominent part in the struggle.

He fought, was made a prisoner by the royal authorities was tried for treason, and sentenced to many years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Among Kinkel's companions at this time was a young student, not yet twenty years of age, named Carl Schurz, who was also captured, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot.

Schurz, however, more fortunate than the Professor, succeeded in escaping across the French frontier, and was safe.

Kinkel was sent to a common prison, placed among criminals of the vilest sort, and set to work making shoes.

Young Germany, still trembling with the excitement of the recent revolution, learned with indignation the treatment inflicted upon the eminent poet and scholar, and numerous petitions were sent to the Prussian Government, praying that his situation might be ameliorated.

To all this the authorities paid no attention whatever, the protestations ceased, and Kinkel seemed likely to be abandoned by his friends.

There was one, however, who did not desert him.

Carl Schurz left Paris, disguised himself in rags, and, defying the scaffold, re-entered Prussia, with an organ on his back.

In the day, he begged his bread on the high road; at night, he laid aside his organ, and visited the abodes of his former companions and the friends of German liberty, to endeavor to reawaken their interest in the fate of the imprisoned patriot.

In this way he travelled three hundred leagues on foot, playing the organ through many towns and villages, carefully maturing his plans, and sleeping in the barns or under hedges.

On one occasion he was stopped by two Prussian gendarmes, who inquired where he was going.

"To the neighboring town," replied Schurz.

"Would you like to earn a handful of pfennigs?" asked the others.

"Certainly," he replied.

"Very well," said they: "come to our barracks.

"We intend to give a dance this evening, and the airs of your organ will suit for our purpose exactly."

It was impossible to decline the offer of the soldiers without exciting suspicion; so Schurz accepted it, with a great show of gratitude, and during the whole night ground out waltzes and quadrilles for a batallion of gendarmes.

Leaving undiscovered, the dangerous society of the military police, young Schurz continued his journey, and a short time subsequently information reached him that Kinkel's prison had been changed.

He was now incarcerated at Spandau, and placed under the personal supervision of the prison director.

Late one night, when the streets had become deserted, a post-chaise, escorted by a guard of four dragoons, drove rapidly through the town of Spandau, and halted before the prison.

An officer in the uniform of a colonel of the royal guard alighted from the vehicle, and was soon in the presence of the director into whose hands he placed a letter from the Minister of the Interior at Berlin, and bearing the official seal.

Receiving the packet with the respect due to a communication from the King's Minister, the director opened the important missive, and read as follows:—

"A deep-laid plot has been organized at Berlin, the object of which is to effect the forcible release of the convict Kinkel from the hands of the authorities. We are now watching the movements of the conspirators and are preparing to arrest them. In order however, to prevent the possibility of a surprise, the bearer of the present letter, Colonel——, is commanded to take charge of your prisoner, whom he will immediately conduct to the citadel of Magdeburg, and place him in the hands of the governor of that fortress."

Upon reading this ministerial injunction, the director of the Spandau prison at once had the unfortunate Kinkel awakened, caused him to be securely ironed and placed in the post-chaise, which set off on the road to Magdeburg, accompanied by the colonel and the four dragoons, who rode with drawn sabres.

All night they travelled at rapid speed; fresh horses were instantly furnished at each relay, the colonel's demand being accompanied by the magical expression, "the king's service."

The unhappy prisoner, crouched in a corner of the vehicle, cared not what might be his fate—Germany had forgotten him, and nothing could be worse than the noisome dungeon at Spandau.

Morning came at last, a gray winter's dawn, and the carriage stopped.

The colonel himself opened the door and bade the prisoner alight.

Without a word, poor Kinkel obeyed, and found himself standing on the sea-shore, a boat waiting a few feet from the spot where he stood, and a ship with the English flag at her mast-head lying-to within sight.

The prisoner uttered a cry of mingled hope and despair.

"Do you not know me, my dear old master?" sobbed the pseudo-colonel, tearing off his false moustache, and clasping Kinkel in his arms.

"I am your friend and pupil, Carl Schurz.

"Let us embrace each other once more on German soil, and then away for England!"

Kinkel could not reply, but burst into tears.

In a few moments more they were in the boat, and rowing lustily toward the vessel in the offing, which had now hoisted the German Republican flag, in token of recognition and welcome.

As they reached the ship's side, Kinkel, pale and trembling, leaned upon Schurz's shoulder, and murmured—

"My wife, my children?"

He had time to say no more, for in another moment Madame Kinkel was in her husband's arms, and his children were clinging about his knees.

"My mission is accomplished," said young Schurz.

"I had sworn, dear master, to restore you to liberty and to your family.

"My duty is done."

Upon their arrival in England the patriots were received with transports of enthusiasm.

The rich German residents of the British metropolis took upon themselves to provide for the brave young fellows who, in the disguise of Prussian dragoons, had aided Schurz in successfully carrying out his noble project; and Professor Kinkel himself commenced giving lectures on German literature, which met with immense success.

Carl Schurz soon afterwards parted from his old preceptor, and set out to seek his fortune in America, and ultimately rose to the rank of General in the Federal army.

Schurz had left in Germany an aged father, who longed to see again his favorite son; but it is not easy for a man to visit a country where certain death awaits him if detected.

Still, fortune smiled on him.

Risen high in favor with the late President Lincoln, the German-American general was appointed Extraordinary to the court of Madrid, and fifteen years after his flight with Kinkel he quietly revisited his birthplace.

No Prussian gendarme dared to lay a finger upon the condemned felon, now a diplomatic representative of one of the most powerful nations on the globe.

THE REASON WHY.—Long years ago, in time so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged by the King of Scotland. Scottish valor prevailed, and the King of Scotland elated by success, sent for his Prime Minister, Lord Alexander. "Well, Sandy," says he, "is there ne'er a king we can conquer the noo?" "An' it please your Majesty, I ken o' a King that your Majesty canna vanquish." "An' who is he, Sandy?" Lord Alexander, reverently looking up, said, "The King o' Heaven." "The King o' whaur, Sandy?" "The King o' Heaven," Lord Alexander repeated. The Scottish King did not understand, but was unwilling to exhibit any ignorance. "Just gang your ways, Sandy, and tell the King o' Heaven to gie up his dominions or I'll come mysel' and ding him oot o' them: and mind, Sandy, ye dinna come back till us until ye hae done our bidden." Lord Alexander retired much perplexed, but met a priest, and, reassured, returned and presented himself. "Well, Sandy," said the King, "has ye seen the King o' Heaven, and what says he to our bidden?" "An' it please your Majesty, I hae see nae o' his accredited ministers." "Weel and what says he?" "He says your Majesty may tak his kingdom for the asking of it." "Was he nae civil?" said the King, warming to magnanimity. "Just gang your way back, Sandy, an' tell the King o' Heaven that, for his civility, ne'er a Scotchman shall ever set foot in his kingdom!"

USES OF THE PRICKLY PEAR.—Even the prickly pear, a species of cactus that is useless for food and is the bane of travellers, serves a good purpose so far as the antelopes of the prairies—where the plant is chiefly found—are concerned. These animals are often hunted by wolves and dogs, and when sore pressed make at once for the patches or belts of the prickly pear, within which, as within a fence, they stand secure from any assault of their pursuers. The small thick pads of the cactus are studded with stout sharp spines that easily penetrate the foot of dog or wolf, but are impervious to the hoofs of the antelopes, which, protected by this apparently insignificant barrier of a seemingly trivial plant, defy their swift but tender-footed foes to come near them.

How Does Compound Oxygen Cure?

We answer in two important ways. First, by a rapid purification of the blood, in consequence of a larger supply of oxygen to the lungs; and second, by revitalizing all the nerve-centres, the Compound inhaled having in its manufacture become magnetized, which gives it the quality known to chemists as "ozone." A new and healthy action is at once set up in the diseased system and general improvement follows as surely as effect follows cause. You should know all about this new and remarkable remedy, the use of which is rapidly extending to all parts of the country.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, will be *mailed free*. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Ossian, Ind., August 19, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

M. H.

Vanalstyne, Tex., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. J. S.

Secor, Ill., Augus 14, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

H. S.

Jefferson, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

S. A.

Oquawka, Ill., August 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. R. C.

Makand, Pa., August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

I. L.

York, Pa., August 14, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

S. G.

Columbiaville, Mich, August 12, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

G. L.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Chattanooga, August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. R.

Verndale, Minn., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

Peconic, La., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. G. P

Berlinton, Ind., August 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaints**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from $3 to $500. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, 21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $125. **Pianos** $227.50. Factory running day & night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N.J.

50 Choice Chromos, with name, in fancy case 10c. Sets of samples 6c. VANN & CO., Fairhaven, Conn.

Facetiæ.

Which is the wickedest part of a church? The nave.

"Fat Boy"—No; you cannot raise chickens from egg-plants. You might as well try to raise calves from cow-catchers.

NERVOUS DEBILITY and weakness, "Wells' Health Renewer" is greatest remedy. Druggists, $1.

A man in this city has invented a shirt with a sand-paper back. One rub against a rail fence cures the worst case.

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. per bottle.

A physician has discovered yellow fever germs in ice. The safest way is to boil your ice before using it. This kills the germs.

DON'T DIE in the house. Ask Druggists for Rough on Rats, mice, woasels, 15c.

There is no use trying to make the man who has eaten a dozen green apples believe that the most serious state of affairs exists in Egypt.

An Elegant Revolver.

In our advertising columns will be found the large advertisement of E. G. Rideout & Co., N. Y., of a beautiful 32-calibre revolver for $3.50. This is said to be one of the greatest bargains ever offered in fire-arms, and the firm enjoy a first-class reputation for honesty and fair dealing.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Speciale permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver, 822 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

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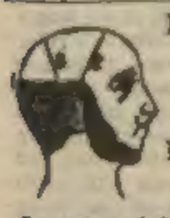

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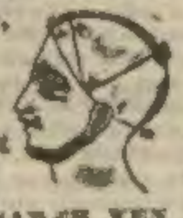

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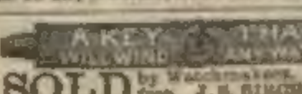

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1	do	25,000	25,000
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2	PRIZES OF	$6,000	12,000
5	do	2,000	10,000
10	do	1,000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
300	do	100	30,000
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3,000	do	25	75,000
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9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

DRESS FOR ELDERLY LADIES.

IT is difficult, in these days of kilted and flounced skirts, bunched-up paniers, and extremely close-fitting bodices, to arrange costumes suitable for elderly ladies, gracefully as well as fashionably, light to wear, and yet of handsome materials. A great many elderly ladies wear Princesse polonaises over skirts with two or more plaited flounces.

The skirts are of satin or silk, and the polonaises of cashmere, broche silk, satin Merveilleux, foulard, or grenadine, according to the occasion or the weather.

Black lace and jet passementerie are used profusely or sparsely, according to taste, and loops of satin, moire, or gros grain ribbon. Many polonaises are open in front below the waist, drawn back, and caught up in a few horizontal folds on the hips, the back being slightly draped in two or three places.

The side pieces, drawn from the front, form points; the trimming, whether lace or silk band, is carried down the front on each side from the neck and back to the hips.

If with these dresses you wear a brown straw sailor's hat, trimming it with buttercups or yellow flowers when you have the brown skirt on, and with poppies and cornflowers when you have on the scarlet skirt, you will have secured two entirely different toilettes out of one hat, one polonaise, and two skirts.

Sometimes skirts worn with this has a few very deep plaits in front to give a finished appearance to the space left by the open polonaise, or it has two narrower ones above those which go round the entire skirt.

The polonaise is usually long enough to reach these flounces. Panier drapery can be worn over the same style of skirt. Nothing can be easier and lighter to wear, or more becoming to any figure, than this style of dress.

Elderly ladies wear jacket and pointed bodices, and also round-waisted, full ones, according to their size and figures; but polonaises are more popular than bodices. Sateens, with a large pattern over them in black and grey for mourning, and all dark colors for ordinary wear, are much worn in the daytime.

The steel-colored satin Merveilleux in several shades, the plum colors, browns, olive-greens, vie with black in popularity for smarter wear: and silk or woolen grenadines, thin nun's cloth, and barges for the evening.

These are mixed with Sicilienne and lace, and have generally square or V-shaped bodices, sleeves reaching below the elbow, with trimmings of gold, steel, or jet beads, and black or white lace, or white crepe lisse.

Many elderly ladies, of slight figures, wear black or cream lace capes, either fastening them round the throat with a ruche, or turning the front back into the V-shaped bodice, and finishing off with a bow, composed of loops of ribbon.

If the capes are of old real lace, all the better, if not, they are of soft delicate-looking lace, and are either plain or trimmed with a full edging, or with several rows of narrower lace.

In black lace they are worn in the daytime. Many dressmakers make pretty capes, matching the costume, and send them home with the dress. These capes scarcely reach the elbow, and are trimmed with fringe or lace. They are removed when the mantle or shawl is put on. Skirts, as a rule, just touch the ground, but they are longer in the evenings, and shorter for the morning and walking. Some ladies wear plain full skirts, sewn on, in gathers round the bodice, in the old-fashioned way. Others have a deep jacket bodice, and skirt with two deep gathered flounces, the jacket from the waist, and the flounces being of the same depth.

The stripes of alternate satin and moire, and all watered silks, are in request. For thin mantles or shoulder coverings, black lace shawls and mantillas are arranged with satin ribbon.

The shawls have one corner turned back and gathered up to form a hood, and the other caught up towards the waist with a wide bow, the rest is drawn over the arms, arranged in a few folds in front, and fastened with a narrower bow and loops. Soft silk shawls are arranged in much the same way, and silk shawls with colored flowers on them, are sometimes draped to form the back of a skirt, the front and the bodice being black satin and lace, with colored ribbon to match the shades of the flowers. The large black Chantilly and the other lace veils are arranged as the front of a dress, or worn as aprons. Over mauve, grey, violet, or deep red they are effective. Steel and mauve are favorite colors this year for flowers and feathers and bonnet strings. Black lace and Leghorn straw and beaded bonnets of all kinds are fashionable. Caps of black lace, with gold-headed or pearl pins, are popular in the evening for quiet wear; but for dressy occasions cream, "Mechlin," and white lace, with and without flowers, are most becoming. Some pretty new caps have the front arranged with a wide lace Alsatian bow, fastened back at the sides with pins. Tulle, dotted over with beads, and marabouts or two crossed ostrich feathers forming the entire cap, are worn for full dress. The double pins, connected by a chain, are being used for caps, cravats, bonnet strings, and even on parasols, when of lace.

The parasol lace covers, now so little seen, have been brought forward this summer again, and are arranged over white, black, or color, supplemented by a lace edging all round, laid just underneath the edge, to make them the requisite size.

Another old fashion is being slowly revived, in the full open-worked and lace sleeves, with the plain wristband, once so much in vogue. The silk jersey gloves are very fashionable, in black and all colors, and are cool and pleasant for summer wear.

A prevailing style is the coat bodice, single or double breasted, with the basque at the front and sides, added a little below the waist, but cut in one, with the upper portion at the back.

Many of these coats are open over waistcoats, velvet or the best velveteens being much used for the purpose; the striped velvets are effective, and some of the same material should be used on the skirt. Dresses in which there is a mixture of color may have different waistcoats, and thus be varied a little.

The waistcoats are made without sleeves, and the backs are of the lining only. This is generally silk, as it takes but little room under the coat, and enables it to slip on easily.

Buttons of artistic style and good quality are of great use in enlivening these dresses; the jet mosaics, with crests or monograms inlaid in jet on a colored ground, have been much admired as a novelty of unquestionably good style.

The skirts of travelling dresses are round and short enough to be thoroughly free from the ground.

The draperies are neither numerous nor complicated, so as to be no great additional weight; the skirts are set on a deep, shaped band buttoning at the back, enabling the basque of the coat to set quite smoothly. Waterproof cashmere is an admirable material for travelling dresses, as it collects neither rain nor wet.

Linen collars and cuffs are worn with these costumes instead of the laces and lisse frillings ordinarily seen with dresses of light materials.

Many pretty dust cloaks are being made for travelling, the "Newmarket" coats and "Mother Hubbard" polisses being the favorite shapes.

Some are of brown holland, others of ecru tussore, washing silks, and alpacas, trimmed with ecru or ficelle lace, many having bows of faille or moire ribbon. All these are made long enough to cover the dress, so that should any lady wish to appear in a light costume at her journey's end, her dust cloak prevents its being soiled and also conceals it if a little too dressy for travelling wear. These cloaks should be opened up the back seam to a certain height from the waist, so as not to be tightly strained over the back drapery, which they would otherwise crease. Many of them have an extra fulness added a little below the waist, generally arranged in flat pleats, giving plenty of room to the under drapery.

Jackets of superfine cloth and ladies cloth are being made for seaside and country wear; they are lined with colored satin, and often faced with the same, and may be worn with any colored skirt with which the facing harmonizes.

Fireside Chat.

RUSSIAN WORK.

UNDER the name of "point Russe," a kind of work was introduced some years ago, which consisted of long-stitching in colored thread or silk on linen.

The true Russian work, however, became first known to any extent in England after the marriage of the Duchess of Edinburgh, and the first specimens of it of any importance which were seen were on the towels forming part of her trousseau, and lent by her to the Exhibition of Lace, held in that year at South Kensington.

It may best defined as embroidery in red and blue cotton upon linen, in conventional patterns, executed in three different stitches, which we will now proceed to describe.

The oldest and most purely Russian of these is known as point sans envers, because when well executed it is a square stitch, exactly the same on both sides, and it is worked as follows on linen canvas: Take up two threads on the needle, and leave two, and continue this exactly like darning in a straight row by the thread to the end of the line; return by taking up the stitches left, and there will be a row resembling stitching, excepting that both sides will be exactly alike.

Begin the next line two threads apart, and continue until as many rows are done as may be desired. Cross these lines with others worked precisely in the same way, and the result will be a piece of grounding in squares.

This stitch may be varied in many ways. It can be done on four threads or on one, in which latter case it is known as point minuscule.

Another variety has two sides of the square omitted, so that the stitches form little vandykes; another is simply darning, the return stitches being omitted, but the stitches in the different rows alternating; and another variety again which is now popularly known as "Holbein work," looks like simple stitching.

Properly speaking, however, Holbein work is not executed as stitching, but as the point sans envers, taking up and leaving alternate stitches and returning the same way; so that instead of there being a right and a wrong side as in stitching, it will be the same on both sides. A design will be formed sometimes by a combination of two of the varieties—for instance, the ground will be in the square stitch and the design filled in with oblique rows of Holbein stitch.

The same square stitch appears in the block stitching on linen known as "Spanish work." Next comes cross-stitch or point croise. If point sans envers be the most ancient so is point croise from its facility of execution the most widely diffused.

A third stitch is point de devant. This is worked in squares of three stitches taken over six threads, the alternating lines having the squares beginning on the centre space of the preceding ones, cushion stitches together. This is much used for background designs, squares being omitted every here and there in conventional patterns. The colors used in purely Russian work are red alone, or red and blue, occasionally mixed with white thread. Black sometimes appears; and in the Eastern provinces, and in old work seen in Moscow, which as the ancient capital, would naturally come more in contact with foreign arts, yellow and green also appear, together with gold thread. The point sans envers is almost entirely worked in red cotton. Besides these stitches, embroidered on the linen itself, we find drawn work much used to divide or to edge the borders, the threads being drawn out for about half an inch, and the centre being twisted round a thread run through it.

In regard to the designs and the objects embroidered, the red and blue Russian work on linen is chiefly in geometrical and conventional patterns, such as stars or flowers, many of them being merely formed by the omission of certain portions of the linen in working the ground. In point sans envers it will be found that in the design the stitches always alternate exactly, so that in going over it the second time the filling-in will correspond like the pieces in a puzzle.

Sometimes the figures will be outlined in "Holbein stitch," but then again they will have no defining line. In cross-stitch most quaint and truly conventional figures, the human form—certainly not Divine—and birds, and animals, with trees to correspond, appear. There is a mixture of large point sans envers, with a cross-stitch in the middle, in alternate squares, in which huge horses are worked, with round bodies, four pegs for limbs, and horizontal heads, which might have been the original designs for the "spotted wooden horses" of the toy shop. In the point de devant the designs are often backgrounded, or they resemble those in cross-stitch.

The red and blue embroideries appear on all household and personal linen, especially on the large napkins or towels which are found alike in the very poorest Russian huts and in the royal palaces. Some of these are heirlooms in peasant families, and they are highly ornamental, because on fete days they are hung up as decorations. The embroidery of a true Russian napkin or towel will be in three divisions, sometimes separated by bands of colored linen or cotton and lines of drawn work, of which the central or principal one is the design proper, and the narrower on either side are called the frieze or cornice.

Old Russian houses of the better class will sometimes contain veritable treasures of ancient embroidery on linen in a variety of styles, and, consequently, in many different colors. Russian work is now greatly in request for almost every article on which it can possibly appear; not only on linen for tea-cloths, towels, serviette, sideboard cloths, and bed room furniture, but on silk for borders, ties, gloves, and slippers. The linen canvas, exactly reproduced from the old material, is the best for working upon where it can be used. The linen canvas should be worked either with silk or cotton of ingrain colors. A "purist" will say that Russian work should only be seen in the true Russian colors, the positive red and dark blue, and decided yellow and green; the pale and half tints, light blues, pinks, and lilacs being wholly inadmissable.

Correspondence.

G. V. B., (Connellsville.)—Write to Claxton & Co., this city, for the book.

ALLIE, (Lexington, Ky.)—Pronounce it in two syllables "Sh-elle," the accent on the first.

ELLA M., (Fayette Co.)—We do not understand your question. State exactly what you want to know.

S. N. J., (Blue Eagle, Mo.)—The papers are long since out of print and the story will not be published in book form.

TOTTIE, (Lake Weir, Fla.)—Send your real name and address, and we will give you the address of an establishment where you can get what you want.

L. A. P.—We gave all the directions in our power in the article treating of it. If you find that it does not accomplish the desired result one way try the other.

L. C. Y., (Madison, Miss.)—The article was taken from the *London Queen*. We know of no way in which you can get the information but by communicating with that journal.

LIVE OAK, (Liverpool, Texas.)—The proper spelling of the word is hare-lip. It is so called from a supposed resemblance to the split in the upper lip of an animal similar to the rabbit, called the hare.

W. V. L., (Leamington, Mo.)—Texas and California offer particular advantages to a young man in your circumstances. Almost any part of the Northwest is admirable, but we would prefer the States mentioned.

H. F., (Ellicott City.)—We do not know the people. Write and make inquiry of one of the Chicago papers. 2. The company is entirely responsible. 3. We know nothing about them one way or the other, but in your place would have nothing to do with them.

DAISIE, (Newton, N. C.)—It is quite right to ask him to write in your autograph album. If you are sufficiently well acquainted, and particularly if he has already made you the recipient of some gifts, it would be entirely proper to send him flowers and fruit. Otherwise, you had better not.

A. E. D., (Wicomico, Md.)—We certainly do not blame you for having a good opinion of yourself and your work. And we do not doubt that if we knew both better we should agree with you. So the only way to settle the matter decisively is to send a sample on. Although sometimes the case, too much modesty in praising one's self is not invariably a sign of genius.

M. W.—The Seven Wonders of the World are the Colossus of Rhodes, the Pyramids, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Pharos or Lighthouse at Alexandria, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Statue of Phidias, the Coliseum at Rome, the Mausoleum, and many other objects out of which one may take any seven that suits him. 2. President Arthur is about fifty years of age. We do not think he is an old man, but just in the prime of life. 3. Yes.

EGYPTIAN, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Martin Luther was born in 1483. He died in 1546. 2. It is not known exactly when writing was first invented. History generally gives the credit of discovering the alphabet to the Phœnicians. The period of this is put about fifteen centuries before Christ. 3. No man can say when the new Public Buildings will be finished. It might be best to wait and ask the question when the children of to-day are gray-haired men.

SUBSCRIBER, (Illinois.)—After going with the lady for two years he would show himself neither man nor gentleman to leave her without the very best reasons in the world. A woman's name is a delicate thing, and must be treated accordingly. The excuse you offer—that you cannot marry for some time—is not a good one. If she is willing to wait, and you love each other, it is nobody's business if you don't marry for twenty years. Only do not think of quitting the girl abruptly, and so, perhaps, giving rise to improper talk.

VERA, (Brennwood, Texas.)—Do not ask him what is the matter with him. Be as proud as he is. If he loves you it is his place to come to you. Do not belittle your womanhood by showing you are troubled at his queer conduct. The fault seems to be that you have allowed him to see that you care too much for him, and, man-like, he is presuming on it. You can be assured that he will not think any the less of you, for your displaying a proper dignity. If he cares at all he will in time come to you, and if he does not, you can do nothing that will bring him to stay. By not bothering yourself you are nearly certain to at least gain his respect, and you are sure not to lose your own.

DYSPEPSIA, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—Begin with a very light breakfast of ordinary food, such as you have been accustomed to, and note the number of hours you can go without feeling a want of more food. For a very light breakfast, say one roll, a cup of coffee, and a very small piece of meat, three hours or less will be the limit. This is not offered as a rule, but as a suggestion; for it makes a vast difference what you do during those three hours. A given amount of food will go further in manual labor than in mental labor, as brain work is more exhausting than hand work. The next time try a little more, and in the course of a dozen breakfasts you will learn pretty closely what you require to carry on your work till the next meal. Having found out just what you, never, on any consideration, take more. Never mind how nice the chop, how tempting any food may be, stop the instant you have had enough. Too much cannot be repaired, and you must pay for the indiscretion.

PUZZLE.—We have received a large number of answers to the recent 100-puzzle, all of which are correct, but fractions were always used. The only case where they were not, is the following from H. T., Silver Reef, Utah: 57, 34, 6, 1,0—98 plus 2—100. Our correspondent writes it was done in the following manner: "Mr. T. had ladies visiting him and the question of puzzles came up. Mr. T. bantered them to do this puzzle. All gave it up but one—a Mrs. C.—who said she thought she could do it. Mr. T. remarked if she did it he would give her a nice silk dress, and gave her three weeks to do it in. Now Mrs. C. was anxious to get that dress. She kept her mind on the puzzle, and on the night before she was to visit Mr. T. she sat in her room until 11 o'clock and did not do it. She then went to bed, still thinking of it and during the night she solved the puzzle in her sleep and got up and placed the figures as I give them to you, returning to bed still asleep. In the morning she had an idea that she did it at night, and on looking at her papers she found the figures."